Motor Racing German Grand Prix

Hill benefits from Berger's blow-up

Alan Henry at Hockenheim

DAMON HILL took an important step towards the world title with a hard-fought victory in the German Grand Prix here on Sunday to extend his advantage to 21 points with a maximum of 50 available over the remaining five races of the season.

It was the 20th grand prix victory of his career, matching Michael Schumacher's tally on a day when the German driver had to settle for a disappointing fourth place in front of his home crowd.

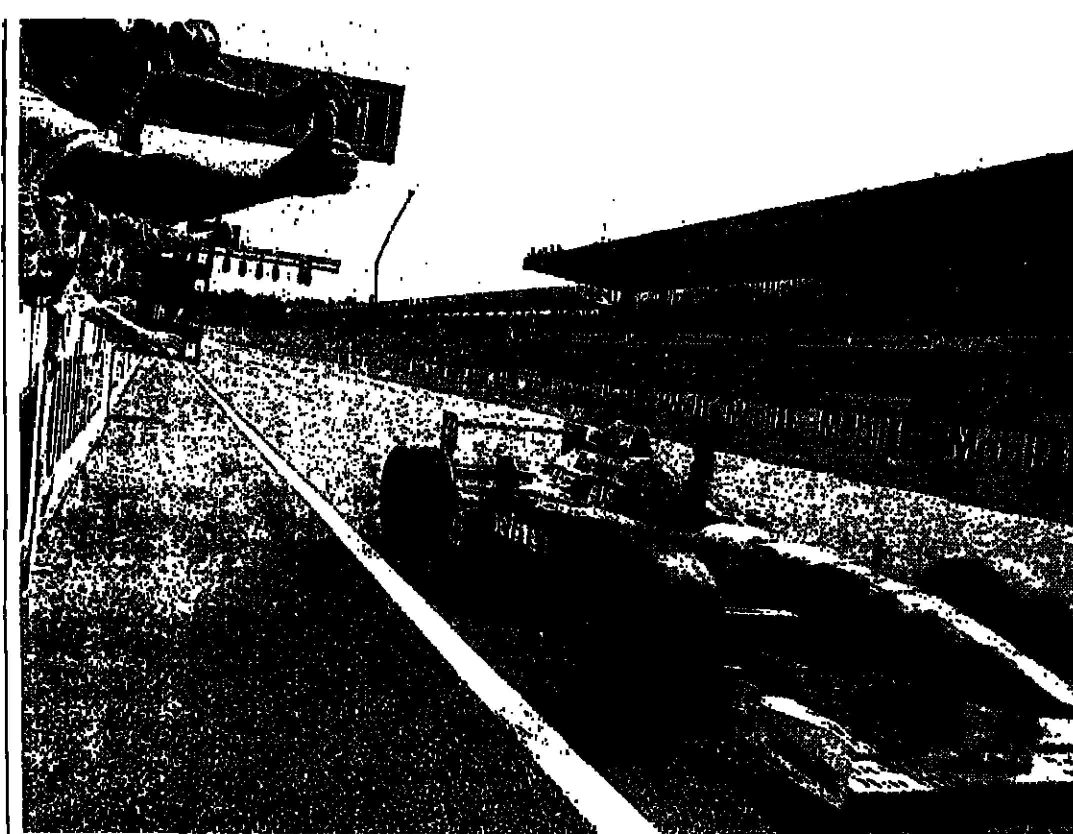
Hill crossed the finishing line 11.4sec ahead of Jean Alesi's Benetton. The Briton's Williams-Renault team-mate Jacques Villeneuve, his *only remaining title challenger*, was third.

Yet that apparently comfortable margin belied the frenzied battle between Hill and the other Benetton of Gerhard Berger, who was a few yards ahead of him when, three laps from the chequered flag, the Austrian suffered a massive engine failure.

Asked whether he regarded it as a lucky win, Hill replied: "Absolutely no way. The last few laps would have been exciting if Gerhard had kept going. I came out of the Clark chicane and suddenly heard one of our engines make a strange noise. I thought it might be mine, but Gerhard moved slightly to the left and I dodged right just before it erupted.

"I won't deny that Gerhard's failure to finish was fortuitous, but these things happen. If it had not been for the fact that I lost a couple of seconds passing yellow warning flags before my second pit stop I would have got out of the pits ahead of him for the last time and the race would have been in the bag.

"It looks a little easier in the championship and I was really glad to grab this win, as the races are starting to run out now."



Victory salute . . . Damon Hill acknowledges the cheers of the Hockenheim crowd PHOTO: JOHN MARSH

Hill's success broke a three-year run of misfortune in the German race. In 1993 he had been heading for victory when a rear tyre punctured two laps from the finish. In 1994 he bent a steering arm in a first-lap collision, and last year he spun into a gravel trap while leading at the start of the second lap.

After he qualified on pole position, it looked as though Hill might again be in trouble as he made a slow start and completed the opening lap third behind the Benettons of Berger and Alesi.

This trio quickly pulled away from the pack, which was initially headed by Schumacher's Ferrari, the champion also having lost ground when he tried to squeeze out Mika Hakkinen's McLaren as they accelerated away from the grid.

Hill was scheduled to make two refuelling stops, but had sufficient fuel in his Williams from the start to have maximum tactical flexibility as to when he entered the pits for the first time.

Having satisfied himself that both the Benettons ahead were likely to be stopping once, he came in at the end of lap 20 and was thus able to emerge in the lead after Alesi and Berger made their sole stops shortly afterwards.

Now it was down to Hill to give himself a big enough cushion to allow himself to emerge from his second refuelling stop without losing the lead. Between laps 26 and 34, when he finally came in, he stretched his advantage over Berger from 6.2 to 15.9sec before coming back in for his second stop. Unfortunately for him that short spell under the yellow flag just tipped the advantage back in Berger's favour and Hill emerged a couple of seconds behind the Benetton for the sprint to the finish.

"I was pushing him hard and hoping he would make a mistake," said Hill. "It was always going to be a big risk to try and pass him, and I had to bear that in mind. I meant to score points but I wanted to win."

Behind Alesi and Villeneuve, Schumacher was fortunate to scramble home fourth after a strong challenge from David Coulthard's McLaren-Mercedes.

For Schumacher, who had won in front of his home crowd 12 months earlier, watching Hill take another stride towards relieving him of his world championship was a bitter pill to swallow.

Cryptic crossword by Araucaria

Across

1 Mamma mia's darling is for the lash (7)
5 A drink for the summer? (7)
9 One way to put hurdles up — remove the brimstone (9)
10 Second prophet from Greek island (5)
11 See 13
12 Audio-visual presentation timed to interrupt U 11, possibly (10)
14 Region of nerve centres missing the head (6)
15 Pastoral piece of wood in English speaker's signal (7)
16 Feeble Spanish hero pursued leather back (7)
18 See 4
20 Tower worker, one who comes with about 45 inches? (10)
21 He says (truly) he is a Muslim leader (4)
24 The bird seems to be very hungry (5)
25 Offensive bills after having died at Number Ten (9)
26 Eastern, not Northern spider, causing trouble to the hearer (7)
27 Cuts any prospect of cheer in the ranks (7)

Down

1 Poem in numbers necessary for 5 down (6)
2 Sitting for surrender, we hear (7)
3 Drink around the cross in the nave? (4)
4, 18 A second person to desert, a Pole, completed other things in *Scheherazade's time* (1, 8, 3, 3, 6)
5 Foam destroyed 13 and upset 10 to travel in Cyberspace (4, 3, 8)
6 Donkey, lamb, and gee, unusual collection (10)
7 Forged medal has to go back: he will need help (4, 3)
8 A loss, maybe natural, for most of the war to the theatre (7)
13, 11 Cyberspace writing put characters of crime into a cell (10, 4)
16 Egg producer, female, at non-U French inn (7)
17 Nothing left of blanket? (3, 4)
19 Boy with hat heard at lottery (7)
22 Obscure 4 at animal's home (5)
23 Heartless 3s, cutters of x and y (4)

Last week's solution

Rugby Union Australia 25 New Zealand 32

All Blacks Bunce back to win

Greg Growden in Brisbane

AUSTRALIA left for South Africa on Monday with nothing but their pride to play for, after the All Blacks snatched victory from them in a stunning fightback at the weekend. It also meant New Zealand win the inaugural Tri-Nation tournament.

Frank Bunce exacted revenge for the early assault on him by Australia's No 8 Michael Brial by scoring the winning try. Brial had rained a flurry of punches on the New Zealand centre after six minutes and received a stern lecture from the Scottish referee Jim Fleming.

The All Blacks' coach John Hart was surprised that for "punching uncontrollably" Brial had not received a sterner punishment, but said that New Zealand would not be citing the player over the incident.

The result dealt a heavy blow to Australia's morale after they had dominated for an hour. It was not the best preparation for their final match against South *Africa in Bloemfontein this week.*

Australia were out for revenge after their record 43-6 defeat by New Zealand in Wellington last month, and once again they upset the All Blacks by ignoring the latter's *haka*.

The ploy seemed to work as Australia reached the interval 16-9 ahead, and when Burke, who had scored one of their two first-half tries, extended the lead to 22-9 with two penalties Australia seemed to be cruising to victory.

But the ability of the All Blacks to react when cornered prompted an extraordinary final 20 minutes when they scored 23 points, through two converted tries and three penalties, to charge past Australia.

The most depressing moment for the Wallabies came when, with 64 seconds left and the score 25-25, New Zealand cleverly executed an old Canterbury back-line move.

It came from a scrum 35 metres out. The All Blacks' fly-half Andrew Mehrtens looped around Bunce while the other New Zealand centre Walter Little bluffed the Wallabies' midfield defence with a decoy run. The space created enabled the full-back, Christian Cullen, to run off Mehrtens's right shoulder, avoid the tackle, and set the ball up for Bunce to score.

The All Blacks' captain Sean Fitzpatrick said: "The Australians came at us throughout the game and I was delighted by the way we stuck at the task." New Zealand also travel to South Africa to play the Springboks in Cape Town on August 10, relieved that the hard work is over.

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The Guardian Weekly
Vol 155, No 6
Week ending August 11, 1996

Stubborn Croats resist Mostar deal

Julian Borger in Mostar

EUROPEAN Union mediators were trying this week to salvage the remnants of their two-year peace mission in Mostar and repair Bosnia's damaged peace process, after Bosnian Croat nationalists resisted EU attempts to create a multi-ethnic city administration.

The EU's administrative mandate came to a formal end at midnight on Saturday last week without a power-sharing agreement, and preparations began for the withdrawal of about 130 European officials and policemen who have been striving to heal the bitter ethnic divide between Mostar's Croat and Muslim communities.

Intense negotiations took place *on Sunday and Monday but broke* down over the wording of a power-sharing agreement.

The talks followed the Mostar Croats' rejection of local election results in June, pointing to voting discrepancies which the EU ombudsman deemed insignificant. The Croats refused to attend the newly elected council, in which a Muslim-led coalition has a majority.

The boycott represents a defiant rebuff to European and US pressure. The failure to create new multi-ethnic institutions also imperils the brittle Muslim-Croat federation formed in 1994, and jeopardises success of nationwide elections in September, for which the Mostar poll was seen as a dress rehearsal.

"If you accept such a thing in Mostar, you can forget elections in September," Dragan Gasic, the EU's Mostar spokesman, said this week.

Ian Traynor writes: President Franjo Tudjman of Croatia has a problem with free elections: he loses them. Having lost, he tries to move the goalposts and demand a replay — using gerrymandering, boycotts, decrees and strong-arm *tactics to reverse the defeat.*

Last October his Croatian Democratic Union (CDU) lost the local elections in Zagreb. The capital's administration has since been paralysed by Mr Tudjman's refusal to accept an opposition mayor.

In Mostar, the divided capital of Herzegovina, his local proxies have thwarted the city's functioning since the CDU lost the election organised by the EU at the end of June.

For three years the extremist Croats who run the bigger, western side of Mostar have deployed siege tactics, ethnic cleansing, gangsterism and terror to keep the city the capital of a separate Croatian ministate. They have defied last year's Dayton peace accords and violently attacked the EU team trying to reintegrate the city.

They now refuse to accept an election result which gives the main Muslim party 21 seats on the city council, to the CDU's 16.

Mr Tudjman finds himself manoeuvring between international pressure to lean on the recalcitrants in Mostar and a domestic hardline constituency that is proclaiming No Surrender.

In Washington last week he had soothing words for President Clinton on a Mostar deal. Yet a few days earlier in Split he breathed nationalist fire in a speech to his party's youth wing.

His moderate foreign minister, Mate Granic, has offered to resign over Croatian separatism in Bosnia. He has also complained about the reluctance of the Tudjman administration to hand over Dario Kordic, the former CDU leader in Mostar indicted for war crimes by the Hague tribunal. Mr Kordic has a flat in Zagreb and is regularly seen there.

In 1993, Mr Kordic spearheaded the Croatian war, which drove the Muslims out of West Mostar and subjected Muslim East Mostar to 10 months of shelling, pulverising the 16th century bridge that linked the city over the River Neretva.

This war-within-a-war ended with the establishment of the US-brokered Muslim-Croat Federation in March 1994, when Lord Owen as mediator gained Mr Tudjman's assent to a two-year EU administration of Mostar.

This year signs of Muslim-Croat tension have multiplied in central Bosnia. The Croats blew up a mosque in Prozor last month. The Muslims responded by demolishing a Croatian Catholic church in Bugojno.

The antics over a couple of blocks of flats in central Bosnia testify to the difficulty of knitting the two communities back together. A Western charity rebuilt the two blocks on the former front line at Novi Travnik on the understanding that each block would be be shared by Muslim and Croat families.

This summer, the rebuilding complete, Muslim families took one block, Croats the other.

2.5km
R Neretva
Railway
Mostar
Croat controlled
Muslim controlled

Krajina terror, page 5
Comment, page 12

Marathon man . . . Josia Thugwane became the first black to win gold for South Africa, after the country's re-admission to the Olympics. The Atlanta Games drew criticism for their commercialisation. *(Story, page 31; Comment, page 12)* PHOTOGRAPH: DOUG MILLS

Germany demands calf cull after latest mad cow findings

Ian Traynor in Bonn

GERMANY moved towards a fresh confrontation with Britain over mad cow disease when Bonn demanded this week that the selective culling programme for British BSE-infected cattle be widened to include calves.

Bonn also ordered further domestic action aimed at curbing the perceived threat of BSE, attacked the European Commission for being over-hasty in relaxing the export ban on British cattle products, and insisted that the Commission promptly re-examine the efficacy of Britain's programme to eliminate the disease.

German officials flatly contradicted last week's statement by Britain's Ministry of Agriculture that fresh evidence that BSE could be passed from cow to calf need not affect the UK government's action plan.

"We are demanding that the selective culling programme be extended to the *last-born calves* of BSE-infected cattle," said Werner Zwingmann, head of the veterinary department at the German agriculture ministry.

Whitehall last week revealed a new study showing that BSE could be transmitted maternally in cattle. "The UK eradication plan for BSE already acknowledged this possibility . . . All the measures necessary to protect public health are already in place," the Ministry of Agriculture said.

German officials this week indirectly criticised what they clearly view as British complacency on BSE. The agriculture minister, Jochen Borchert, said Brussels had to act swiftly. He also said the beef crisis was being exacerbated by the fact that, despite the world export ban on beef imposed this year, British cattle were still being fed animal meal.

Asked whether British dairy products were safe for consumption, Mr Borchert said there was no hard evidence of any risk from milk but urged consumers to buy German. "Germany is BSE-free."

Last week in its statement the UK ministry said there was no evidence of BSE infectivity being transmitted through milk. It added, however, that the Central Veterinary Laboratory's epidemiology department in *Weybridge, Surrey,* was "*undertaking further detailed studies on this point and that the results of these studies will be available very soon.*" Since then the ministry has vehemently denied that any studies on the possible risk from milk are being done.

Mr Borchert also criticised the EU for relaxing the ban on bull semen, gelatine and tallow.

Italy seeks to retry SS officer

John Hooper in Rome

ITALY has set in motion the machinery for securing a re-trial of the former Nazi Erich Priebke as it became increasingly clear that it would be impossible to extradite him to Germany.

But the chorus of protest that greeted the decision of a military court last week to free him has begun to ebb, and several prominent Italians have supported the court's ruling.

At the weekend an appeal court judge endorsed an order to renew the detention of the former SS officer. The order was made last week by the justice minister, Giovanni Maria Flick, as Mr Priebke and his trial judges were besieged by demonstrators outside the court.

Mr Flick said the decision was justified because Italy was awaiting an extradition request from Germany. But German officials admitted at the weekend that the chances of such a request succeeding were remote.

Mr Priebke, who admitted taking part in Italy's most notorious wartime atrocity, was extradited from Argentina last November under a treaty that forbade his subsequent extradition to a third country.

Lawyers acting for the Italian government are now trying to secure a *new hearing by having Mr Priebke's* trial ruled void on the grounds that the presiding judge was prejudiced in favour of acquittal.

Mr Priebke was accused of a leading role in the reprisal killing of 335 men and boys in the Ardeatine Caves near Rome in 1944.

The court decided that Priebke, aged 83, could not be held to have acted in a cruel or premeditated way because he was obeying orders.

Austria	AS30	Malta	45c
Belgium	BF75	Netherlands	G 4.75
Denmark	DK16	Norway	NK 18
Finland	FM 10	Portugal	E300
France	FF 13	Saudi Arabia	SR 6.60
Germany	DM 4	Spain	P 300
Greece	DR 400	Sweden	SK 19
Italy	L 3,000	Switzerland	SF 3.30

The poor must stop being punished for sins of rich

THE comments of Robert Solow (Gulf grows between rich and poor, July 21) seem to compare do-nothing, dreaming environmentalists with the reality of a gap between the rich and poor, criticising those concerned for poverty in the future while ignoring the widening gap of today.

One can campaign to save a river ecological system while barefoot and eating only beans and rice; being rich is not necessary. In fact it is the poor who live near contaminated land fill and eat fish from the polluted local estuary. Environmentalists are concerned with the immediate problems of the poor.

Raising the pay of the bottom ranks of employees will not close the gap between rich and poor. It only challenges managers and corporate executives to raise their own salaries, while destructive technological development spreads deforestation, washes away top soils, and increases gases from burned fossil fuels. It is a crime for the rich to profit from ecological destruction. The environmental movement is an attack on the rich on behalf of the poor and all of us. The gap is not between rich and poor, but between the simple and the wise, the prejudiced and the educated.
C Shepard,
Foothill, Stanford, California

IN RECENT weeks articles have addressed both the environmental crisis and the growing gulf between the rich and poor. It worries me that attempts to save the environment by reducing energy consumption inevitably lead to higher prices. This approach is designed to punish the poor for the sins of the rich.

For example, in Australia the solution constantly put forward for decreasing petrol pollution is to increase the price. In effect this means that in a country increasingly designed for auto transport, with distant, giant malls sprouting like mushrooms and corner shops becoming an endangered species, it is the poor who can no longer afford to drive (or shop).

Allowing the rich to consume while the poor are denied access to resources is mirrored in many ways across the world. The solutions are in fact problems. One private jet flying from New York to Paris for a gallery opening equals a lot of trips to the mall. Not to mention mopeds to the bazaar.
Chris Sitka
Sydney, Australia

Enough of the Orangemen

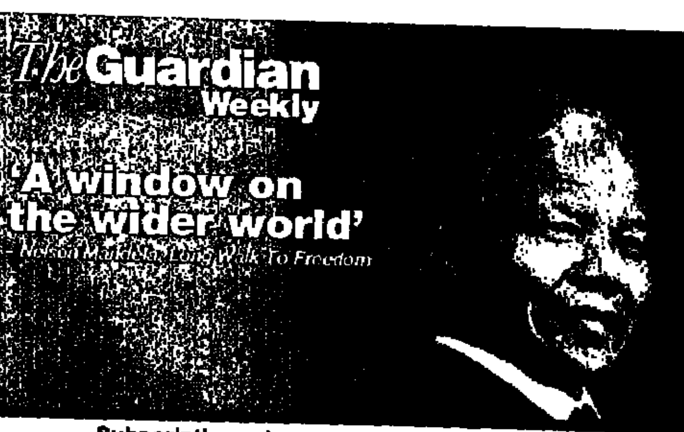
ULSTER IN CRISIS (July 21), makes depressing reading. Mr Trimble's followers may well feel "enough is enough" but it seems to me that the rest of Ireland and Great Britain are rather more entitled to such a sentiment.

We have often been told that Northern Ireland will remain part of the UK as long as a majority of "the province" wishes it. Surely it is time to broaden the constituency somewhat and ask the nation as a whole if they actually want the Orange fanatics to remain within the kingdom? I suspect the results would demonstrate that the British people overall no longer care to be associated with intransigent bigotry.

It must be made clear to the Unionists that their future belongs with a united Ireland, and they had better learn to live with that. Is it such a horrendous prospect? Caving in to the buffoons in the bowler hats only serves to delay the one historically just and reasonable solution to the problem.
John Flately,
Buenos Aires, Argentina

THE EDITORIAL on "The Irish Brawls of July" (July 21) suggests that the residents of the Catholic neighbourhood, rather than flailing their fists, should have "stood shoulder to shoulder along the parade route in silence" to show their contempt for the parading Protestants. This implies superior judgment that is most unlikely after 300 years of hostility with no evidence in that time of enduring moral behaviour or display of conscience by either group. Conscience requires thoughtful deliberation and a struggle for reason as opposed to violence. It should have been realised by now, with so many conflicts of this kind erupting in the world, that governments have little clout other than force and that peace must come from within the people.

Governments can tenuously arrest conflict and even mandate peace but the maintenance of peace is a learning experience. It begins with a leader of conscience, committed if necessary to personal sacrifice, such as in the case of Mohandas Gandhi and Nelson Mandela, who can teach the meaning and value of conscience in achievement of peace. The world needs more teachers and fewer bureaucrats.
Arthur J Hudson,
University of Western Ontario,
London, Canada



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Dangerous assumptions

EVEN in your pages, the use of "democracy" and "communism" as if each meant the precise opposite of the other seems to have become accepted. Worse, "capitalism" and "democracy" are used as if they were synonymous. Is there any hope of stopping this insidious misuse of language before it takes root?

The Helmes-Burton Act, we read, will bring "democracy" to Cuba; Yeltsin's "reforms" have already done so for Russia. Whether communism could ever have been genuinely democratic is debatable, though its founders presumably intended it to be so. But the implication that capitalism is by definition democratic is absurd. How many of the notorious 358 billionaires, who together are as rich as 45 per cent of the world's population, operate outside capitalism?

Communism became corrupt, and failed, and could be seen to be undemocratic: but if we are now seeing democracy — "government by the people" — under Yeltsin, why have the majority of those people helplessly watched their lives go from bad to worse? Perhaps Cuba keeps its own dictator because its people do not want it to go the same way! There must be some who would contend that capitalism is inherently undemocratic because it permits and promotes the enrichment of a few to the detriment of the many.
Paul Winstanley,
Palmerston North, New Zealand

No credit for Short's brief

WHAT a change of political climate would have been created if both the Labour party and Clare Short had claimed credit for giving the overseas development brief to the person who came third in the shadow cabinet elections (Blair puts squeeze on Labour rebels, August 4).
Anand C Chitnis,
Southampton

THE GUARDIAN WEEKLY has made the same assumption as the rest of the media — that Clare Short's change of role constitutes a demotion.

I would be the first to agree that Britain needs an integrated and environmentally-aware transport policy. However, a change in policy regarding the developing world should also be a priority for the incoming Labour government. The implementation of Britain's commitment to devote 0.7 per cent of GNP to foreign aid could transform the lives of hundreds of millions of people and transform Britain's international role.

Less altruistically, the move towards a more equitable distribution of income globally could vastly expand the markets for Britain's exports. This would contribute to Labour's policies of reducing unemployment.

Clare Short would be a most admirable person to implement such a policy.
Steve Hobden,
Department of International Politics,
University of Wales, Aberystwyth

SURELY the biggest loser in Labour's reshuffle was George Foulkes, who not only lost his overseas development brief, but has since had to listen to every commentator describe it as a political backwater for no hopers.
Robert Hutton-Squire,
Edinburgh

Curious gender divide in science

I READ Tim Radford's "Astounding Stories" (July 28) with considerable interest since my employer, the Australian National University, has long offered a graduate science communication programme run co-operatively with Questacon — the National Science & Technology Centre. ANU will confer an honorary degree upon Professor Dawkins and he will open a new Centre for the Public Awareness of Science when he visits ANU in September.

I see "a curious dichotomy" that differs from the one Professor Dawkins refers to. The only woman named in the article is an actress. All the scientists, publicists included, are men. Unlike Professor Dawkins, consequently, I do not find it surprising that school children are "flocking in droves away from science". Women are a major influence on pre- and primary-school children. Unless and until the questions and letters that Professor Dawkins finds so encouraging come from the mothers and teachers of young children, the "curious dichotomy" will continue.
Maureen McIlroy,
Cook, ACT, Australia

Briefly

AM I alone in finding the blubbering emotionalism about how America has just "lost its innocence" to terrorism somewhat misplaced? Does anyone remember the civil rights movement? Murders, lynchings, and entire congregations were roasted alive in their churches. Terrorism is as American as apple pie, except that, until recently, all its victims were black.
Alastair Sasaki McCapra,
London

LYNNE PANCYR'S implicitly disparaging reference to female genital mutilation (July 21) reminded me that whereas it is prohibited under the criminal code of Canada, its counterpart, the non-therapeutic circumcision of male newborns, survives as a publicly-funded surgical procedure.
Henry Holgate,
Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada

IT IS no news that the various Christian churches, and the Roman Catholic one in particular, make a great fuss about celebrating the supposed "days" and centenaries of remarkably obscure saints. After all, every celebration provides an excuse for collecting donations.

I therefore find it incredible that although it is now fairly well established that 1996 is the 2,000th anniversary of the birth of Christ (in 4 BC), we haven't heard a squeak about this lucrative anniversary.
Paul Hockings,
College of Liberal Arts and Sciences,
Chicago, Illinois

AS A FREQUENT listener to the World Service I fully agree with your July 28 editorial. I am particularly concerned about the short-term mentality of the Government's reduced funding for such a valuable institution: it is almost certain that structural changes such as those proposed would lead, over time, to a different and lower standard service.
Robert Boulstidge, Wassenaarseweg,
Den Haag, Netherlands

DAVID BERESFORD'S article on the progressive law-making that is going on in the new South Africa (ANC's liberal reform upsets South Africans, July 25) was good reading. I hope, however, that his research was sounder than it appears. The article reports that one area in which the ANC is progressing is in gay rights. Beresford states that "South Africa is . . . believed to be the only country that offers an entrenched protection for homosexuals in its bill of rights". South Africa is not alone in protecting gays: Canada added protection on the basis of sexual orientation to its bill of rights earlier this year.
Wayne McNulty,
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

The Guardian Weekly
August 11, 1996 Vol 155 No 6
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Letters to the Editor and other editorial correspondence to: The Guardian Weekly, 75 Farringdon Road, London EC1M 3HQ.
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The Week

SOUTH KOREAN prosecutors demanded the death sentence on Chun Doo-hwan, a former president accused of orchestrating the 1980 massacre in Kwangju, and life imprisonment for his successor as president, Roh Tae-woo.
Comment, page 12

BISHOP Pierre Claverie of Oran, a French Roman Catholic priest, was assassinated at his Algerian home, only hours after meeting France's foreign minister, Hervé de Charette, on a fence-mending visit to Algiers.
Le Monde, page 19

HUSSEIN AIDEED, the 35-year-old son of Somalia's late faction leader Mohammed Farah Aideed, has been chosen to succeed his father as "president".
Obituary, page 7

SAUDI ARABIA and the US will split the $200 million cost of relocating 4,000 US troops in the kingdom as a precaution against terrorist attacks.

RUSSIAN gunship helicopters rained rockets and heavy machine-gun fire on the centre of the Chechen capital Grozny after rebels stormed into the city.

KIDNAPPERS who seized Briton Michael Penrose and Frenchman Frederic Malardeau, both working in Chechenia for Action Against Hunger, are reported to have demanded $500,000 for their release.

SARAH BALABAGAN, a Filipina maid convicted of murdering her employer in the United Arab Emirates, has been released three months before the end of her one-year jail term.

A TOTAL of 22,445 Japanese people killed themselves last year — 766 more than in 1994. Financial difficulties were blamed for nearly 2,800 deaths.

MICHEL DEBRE, who drafted the constitution of France's Fifth Republic and was its first prime minister under President Charles de Gaulle, has died, aged 84.

SRI LANKAN government forces are facing fierce resistance in their advance towards Kilinochchi, the last town held by Tamil Tiger separatist guerrillas.

THE Western allies' mission to prevent Saddam Hussein regaining control of northern Iraq was given another five months of life by Turkey's parliament, allaying fears that the pro-Islamic Welfare party would halt the mission.

THE US government is to pay $250,000 to Raymond Millikin, a Peace Corps worker who claimed his female boss tried to bully him into an affair.

Row as Clinton enacts anti-terror laws

Martin Walker in Washington, Simon Beavis in London and Stephen Bates in Brussels

PRESIDENT Bill Clinton on Monday defied his allies and his enemies alike to insist that terrorism was the "enemy of our generation" and assert the United States' right as the "indispensable nation" to take economic and military measures against any state that it believes sponsors terrorists.

He brushed aside the angry threats of retaliation by European Union states to enact controversial legislation to punish any foreign company investing in oil or gas ventures in Iran or Libya.

With the EU, Canada and other countries already furious at the Helms-Burton Act, which uses US law to punish third countries doing business in Cuba, Mr Clinton is pushing the US claim to extra-territorial authority and world leadership further than ever before.

"Where we don't agree, the United States cannot and will not refuse to do what we believe is right," Mr Clinton said, as relatives of the victims of Pan-Am flight 103 and TWA flight 800 stood beside him on the platform for maximum emotional effect.

"You cannot do business with countries that practise commerce with you by day, while finding or protecting the terrorists who will kill you or your innocent civilians by night," he said, in a direct challenge to EU objections to the sanctions.

"Iran and Libya are two of the most dangerous sponsors of terrorism in the world. I hope and expect that before too long our allies will come around to accepting that fundamental truth," he said.

The Foreign Office said it could not accept the US threat of sanctions against British companies, while the Department of Trade and Industry in London said it regretted the new US law.

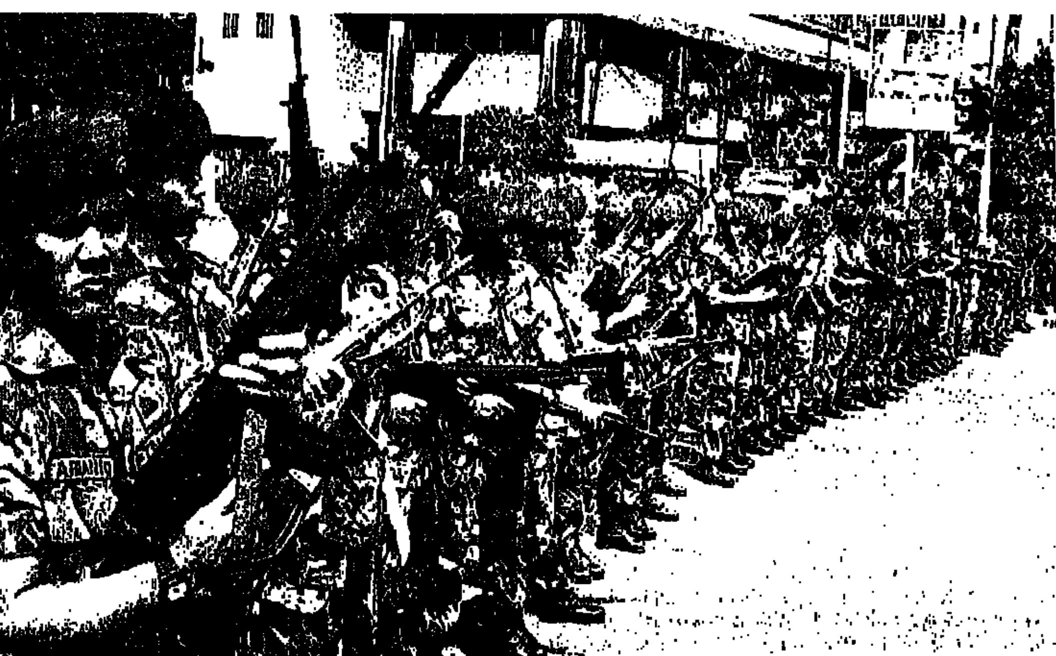
France — which has far greater trade with Iran — started high-level diplomatic talks with other EU states, including Britain, this week in an effort to co-ordinate European retaliation. It disagrees that Iran, Libya, Iraq and Sudan are terrorist states.

Germany, the EU country with the greatest involvement in Iran, joined the disapproval. "Threatening to impose extra-territorial sanctions against European companies investing in these countries . . . is the wrong path," the German economics minister, Günter Rexrodt, said in a statement.

Sir Leon Brittan, the EU trade commissioner, strongly criticised the US law, and warned of retaliation. "The EU has already said it will act to defend its rights and interests if they are jeopardised by this legislation," he said.

Iran predicted the legislation would not succeed. "Clinton's decision lacks international backing and is doomed to failure," Tehran radio quoted a foreign ministry spokesman, Mahmoud Mohammadi, as saying.

Meanwhile the US is distributing up to 1,000 posters in Arabic offering a $2 million reward for information leading to a conviction over the bombing that killed 19 Americans outside Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, last month.



Gun control . . . Marines bar the way to the Jakarta court last week where Megawati Sukarnoputri has begun a case against the government after she was ousted as leader of the opposition Indonesian Democratic Party. Meanwhile she has agreed to appear before the police to answer questions about events leading to riots by her supporters last month PHOTOGRAPH: YAN WOWOR

FBI scours home of Olympic bomb 'hero'

John Duncan in Atlanta

THE lawyer representing Richard Jewell, the security guard at the centre of the FBI's investigation into the Olympic Centennial Park bombing, last week conceded that his client was a key suspect in the case.

Federal agents moved into Mr Jewell's apartment to make an intensive search.

"If they are searching the place then he is a suspect," the lawyer, Watson Bryant, said.

Mr Jewell was hailed as a hero after he alerted police to a knapsack containing the pipe bomb packed with screws and nails at Centennial Park, where the blast spread blood and terror at a packed rock concert. An American woman died and more than 100 people were injured by the blast. A Turkish cameraman died of a heart attack at the scene.

FBI and ATF (Bureau of Alcohol Tobacco and Firearms) agents, backed up by a bomb-sniffing dog, combed the flat and also towed away Mr Jewell's blue pick-up truck for forensic examination.

Several boxes were taken away from the flat, along with what seemed to be laundry in a clear plastic bag.

The FBI spokesman at the scene, David Tubbs, said the agency had a search warrant. But he stressed that the investigation was continuing.

"Mr Jewell has not been placed under arrest and he has not been charged with any crime. We emphasise that neither the issuance of a search warrant nor the execution of it constitutes evidence of guilt. A search warrant is an order of the court to search a particular location to determine if relevant evidence is present," Mr Tubbs said.

Since the bomb blast on July 27, he added, the FBI had gone through a list of many potential suspects and eliminated them in the hunt for the man responsible.

Mr Jewell, who says he is innocent, sat outside on an iron staircase, his back to the many cameramen and journalists nearby, and his head in his hands. His mother left the apartment.

During the search, with which the suspect co-operated fully, according to the police, Mr Jewell was accompanied at all times by his lawyer.

Last week the FBI's director, Louis Freeh, dampened the frenzied speculation about Mr Jewell when he told a Senate committee that his agents were looking at "a number of suspects".

But the portly 33-year-old has already been all but convicted by the US media. A photograph of Mr Jewell in military fatigues with an M-16 rifle was reproduced in several newspapers. Criminologists held forth on television about a "hero syndrome", in which law enforcement officers commit crimes to draw attention to themselves.

Mr Jewell, a former police officer, worked at the park as a security man for the AT&T telecommunications company, which has a pavilion in the entertainment area.

Mr Bryant said: "Richard had nothing whatsoever to do with planting that bomb. He had nothing to do with the bomb at all except being a hero by finding it, then getting people out of the way."

Earlier, the FBI investigation had apparently focused on a white American male who made a warning call from a public phone near the park minutes before the bomb exploded.

Investigators have reportedly ruled out Mr Jewell as the source of the call. The FBI is said to have accounted for his presence in the park between the phone call and the explosion.

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Israeli PM tries to tempt Syria

David Hirst in Beirut

THE ISRAELI prime minister, Binyamin Netanyahu, expressed confidence on Monday about the prospect for resuming peace negotiations with Syria.

He indicated that a so-called "Lebanon-first" formula would be a good starting point for the talks, which have looked highly improbable since he and his hard-line Likud government came to power two months ago.

President Hafez al-Assad of Syria has yet to respond. Despite his campaign to show good will on all fronts, he will almost certainly reject what he considers to be a subterfuge to postpone indefinitely discussion of the future of the Golan Heights. Syria demands a complete Israeli withdrawal; Mr Netanyahu has ruled that out.

Under "Lebanon-first", Israel would withdraw from south Lebanon's "security zone" in return for the disbandment of the Hizbullah guerrillas, the return of the Lebanese army to the south, and "security guarantees".

Syria and Lebanon have called the proposal a "trap" into which they will not fall.

Mr Netanyahu was speaking at a press conference in Amman after holding talks with King Hussein of Jordan, who had been in Damascus over the weekend. His officials denied that he was acting as a mediator between Syria and Israel.

Mr Netanyahu said Israel was "ready to engage in peace negotiations with Syria on all outstanding issues". Speaking of Lebanon, he said that Israel had no territorial claims.

But the Syrian and Lebanese governments have so far made clear that they see "Lebanon-first" as a stratagem by which Mr Netanyahu can conceal his basic intransigence. Then Syria can be cast as the obstacle to an Israeli withdrawal.

It seems, however, that, while as unbending as ever about his basic requirements for peace, President Assad is trying to appear flexible too. He has cultivated relationships with King Hussein, the Palestinian Authority president Yasser Arafat, and the Europeans, and he has been patient with the Americans.

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Screw tightens on Burundi's junta

Chris McGreal in Bujumbura

TANZANIA has added bite to the sanctions imposed on Burundi in retaliation for the military coup last month by blocking oil shipments, turning back lorries at the border and halting commercial flights.

On Monday Kenya said it was suspending rail, road and air links with Burundi as part of econonic sanctions agreed by African leaders. A spokesman in the office of President Daniel arap Moi said the sanctions would also restrict movement of people between the two countries, which do not share a land border.

Burundi's military is relying on another neighbour, Rwanda, to take a less rigorous approach and so ease the pain of the blockade. But the latest United Nations report, which blames Tutsi soldiers for the wholesale slaughter of Hutu civilians in recent months, will further diminish sympathy for the new regime.

Tanzania has struck where it is likely to hurt most by shutting off Burundi's main source of oil, normally delivered by railway from Dar es Salaam and then by barge across Lake Tanganyika. On Monday a Tanzanian official said they were barring 800 tons of fuel, as well as passenger ferries, from leaving port.

Burundi says it has fuel stocks sufficient for several weeks, but the government is already considering rationing to conserve petrol supplies for the war against Hutu rebels.

Tanzania's hard line will undoubtedly sting Burundi, but the military regime is hoping to re-route supplies through Rwanda, where comments by some Tutsi officials suggest the government is backtracking on its commitment to a full blockade. But Rwanda is vulnerable to pressure from Uganda, which has shown little sympathy for Burundi's military.

Although the blockade was imposed in response to the coup, the demands of Burundi's neighbours go wider. They are hoping, among other things, to put pressure on the new regime to negotiate with the Hutu rebels and bring the army under control.

The latest UN report confirms how deep the problems go. The UN Centre for Human Rights has uncovered 17 previously unrecorded massacres by Burundi's overwhelmingly Tutsi army in the past four months. Up to 3,000 people were murdered in the attacks.

The report says Hutu rebels were also responsible for murders over the same period, but concludes that "the greatest number were killed by elements of the Burundian army", in reprisal for attacks on the civilian population.

In an effort to make his government appear more legitimate, Burundi's new military leader, Pierre Buyoya, named a 23-member government at the weekend.

The announcement was delayed for several days as Major Buyoya tried to bring on board politicians acceptable to most Burundians. He largely failed. Although the new government offers an ethnic balance — with Burundi's Hutu majority receiving about the same representation as the Tutsi minority — there is little political balance.

Most of the Hutus in the cabinet are from the Tutsi-dominated Uprona party, which is close to the army and played an instrumental role in creating the coup.

Political heavyweights from Frodebu — the mainly Hutu party which overwhelmingly won Burundi's only free election three years ago — are noticeably absent.

Some of Frodebu's former cabinet ministers, including the deposed president Sylvestre Ntibantunganya, are still sheltering in Western embassies.



A coca farmer waving the Colombian flag faces troops at the airstrip of Puerto Asis in Putumayo province on the border with Ecuador. Last week two people were killed and at least 15 injured by security forces when several thousand farmers tried to march on the airport to protest at the government's US-backed programme to eradicate drug crops. The town, which has been taken over by an estimated 15,000 farmers, has become a focal point for demonstrations PHOTOGRAPH: MANUEL SALDARRIAGA

Belgian PM acquires 'absolutist' powers

Stephen Bates in Brussels

JEAN-LUC DEHAENE, the Belgian prime minister, has found himself cast in the unlikely role of the absolutist French monarch Louis XIV by angry compatriots and press cartoonists since he ruthlessly seized control of the economy in an attempt to prepare the country for the European Union single currency.

The man spurned by John Major two years ago for the presidency of the European Commission is now arguably the most powerful domestic politician in Europe. Belgian MPs passed three laws giving him executive power to raise taxes, cut social security budgets and set wage levels without prior consultation.

With a record that has annoyed the public and reduced his approval rating in opinion polls to less than 20 per cent, Mr Dehaene insists that there is no alternative to emergency measures if the economy is to meet the Maastricht criteria for joining the single currency in just over two years' time.

The government says it must make ready, since its closest neighbours and trading partners are likely to be among the first to join. About 75 per cent of its trade is with its fellow Benelux countries and Germany and France.

At a pugnacious press conference in Brussels last week, after a day-long cabinet meeting, Mr Dehaene said he would press ahead with strict budgetary reforms. The atmosphere of crisis was dispersed, however, when he announced that his government would be taking three weeks' holiday.

Mr Dehaene said: "You can judge us when we have finished — and we *will* finish the job."

Belgium is showing how far EU member states other than Britain are prepared to go for economic and monetary union, even at the risk of social tension, as occurred in France last year. It has already suffered long-running demonstrations and protests against education cuts.

Drastic action is undoubtedly needed if Belgium is to meet the Maastricht criteria. It needs to slash its budget deficit from 4.5 per cent to 3 per cent by the end of next year, and more than halve the ratio of its national debt, which stands at 133 per cent of gross national product — the highest in the EU.

US pullout threatens Panama's economy

Phil Gunson in Panama City

THE United States military presence — a dominant factor in Panama's politics since its US-sponsored secession from Colombia in 1903 — is slowly but inexorably drawing to a close.

The 1977 Panama canal treaties require the last of the 7,300 troops to leave by midnight on December 31, 1999. The eight remaining bases — with about 70,000 acres of land and more than 3,600 buildings — are gradually being transferred to the Panamanian government. Southern Command (Southcom) itself is due to move to Miami in 12 months' time.

But Panama's joy at the gringos' departure is tempered by nervousness at the potential economic impact.

The Pentagon estimates that it will leave a $370 million gap in the national economy – 13 per cent of gross domestic product. Most independent experts put the figure much lower.

"It's not true that there will be such a large negative impact," says the president, Ernesto Pérez Balladares. "The fact that the troops' departure coincides with the handover of the canal to Panama means there will be an almost immediate compensation."

Nevertheless, recent polls show that three-quarters of Panamanians would like to see a military presence continue.

Wary of a nationalist backlash, the government tentatively began to explore the issue with Washington a year ago. But the talks were suspended when a Southcom colonel said publicly that the US would not pay rent for bases.

Time is running out because there is no money in the defence department budget for a presence beyond 2000.

"The budget cycle of the Pentagon is such that the window will soon be gone," said Ambler Moss, a former US ambassador to Panama. "They must be pretty damn close to the deadline now."

Mr Moss, now director of the North-South Centre at the University of Miami, believes the sort of presence that might be negotiated would have little direct impact on the economy, but would reassure foreign investors of the country's stability.

From 1968 until 1989, when a US invasion toppled Manuel Antonio Noriega, Panama was a military dictatorship. The post-invasion government abolished the armed forces.

Without the foreign investors which the government hopes to attract, the handover is a distinctly mixed blessing.

Mr Moss estimates that it will cost $25 million just to maintain the buildings when the troops have gone.

Much of the infrastructure that once formed part of the old Canal Zone deteriorated rapidly once it was transferred to the Panamanian government. The main road is now "one big pothole", according to an occasional user, and the railway, handed over in 1979, is no longer regarded as safe by the US military.

In June, Mr Pérez Balladares announced that he was willing to let the base, rent-free, as the headquarters for a multinational anti-narcotics force — a proposal Washington is looking at "very seriously", the US embassy says.

Many Panamanians think the US is desperate to maintain a foothold, but the public position is that all current tasks — including drug interdiction — can be performed equally well without its help.

Mr Pérez Balladares is also keen to dispel the idea that Panama needs the US. "The colonial relationship is over," he said. "We are not asking them to stay, we are defining a new relationship."

Dole goes for tax cuts

Martin Walker in Washington

THE Republican presidential challenger, Bob Dole, tried to revive his sputtering campaign this week by promising a 15 per cent tax cut, which he claimed would spur the economy back to "a fast-growth track of a sustained 3.5 per cent".

The electoral impact was blunted by the former senator's own earlier mockery of such Reaganesque economics, and renewed argument between the warring wings of his party on abortion, which threatens to dominate next week's Republican convention in San Diego.

Mr Dole and his supporters failed on Monday to get the Republican platform committee, which is drafting the manifesto on which the party will fight the November election, to adopt an emollient "conscience clause" to reassure pro-abortion voters.

He is condemned to fight the election on a promise to amend the constitution to outlaw abortion as murder, even though more than two-thirds of voters say they disagree. The issue is tearing the party asunder in states such as Georgia and Kansas.

The stage is set for near civil war at next week's convention. Moderate Republican leaders, such as the governors of California, New Jersey and Massachusetts, are determined to fight the religious right wing on the issue.

Mr Dole is now also committed to a tax cut and a fast-growth economic policy, a gamble he dismissed as "déjà voodoo" when the Reagan administration tripled the national debt to $3 trillion in the 1980s.

He announced his long-awaited economic plan in Chicago this week, although it was already being denounced as "irresponsible and fake" by senior economists in the Clinton administration.

With the US boasting the best economic record in the G7 group of leading industrialised countries, Mr Dole has little left to exploit, except his accusation of "consistent under-performance". Growth under President Clinton has averaged less than 3 per cent a year, less than the usual rate during recovery from a recession.

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Arafat drops pretence at democracy

Shyam Bhatia in Jerusalem

YASSER Arafat-style democracy has been in evidence throughout the West Bank this past week, from the chambers of the legislative council in Bethlehem to the underground prison cells of Nablus, where a young Palestinian was beaten to death.

As one nightmare ended in tragedy, another began when the Palestinian president, shouting abuse and threats, marched out of a meeting of his legislative council. The reason the 88 legislators were characterised as "dogs" and "sons of bitches" last week was that they dared to discuss the limits of Mr Arafat's presidential powers in a new constitution.

The volley of abuse from the "Father of the Revolution" shocked the Bethlehem gathering into silence. Only one man had the courage to react. Ahmed Qreia, the Speaker of the House and a longstanding associate of Mr Arafat, got up from his chair and announced: "That's it, I've had enough, I'm resigning."

Condemnation at this level does not sit easily with the Nobel Laureate who chooses to present himself on the international stage as a born-again peacemonger and democrat. Those closely familiar with Mr Arafat's tantrums present a different picture of the president. They say the Bethlehem episode is yet another example of how he is rapidly transforming his regime into a ruthless dictatorship.

"This is a regime of terror and intimidation," says one Palestinian representative who witnessed the Bethlehem showdown. "The people who elected us are laughing at us because they know we are impotent."

Mr Arafat rarely justifies his actions or his language, but the shocked reactions of his constituents obliged him to return to the council to explain away his abusive rhetoric. "Don't misunderstand me," he told bewildered council representatives. "What happened here was part of our democracy. We are proud of our democratic system."

Mr Arafat is intolerant of the slightest opposition or criticism. Those who dare to protest quickly find themselves handcuffed and escorted to one of the president's many prisons.

Although he rules with the help of a Cabinet, none of his ministers dares make a decision without his approval. More importantly, he has exclusive control over the Palestinian Authority's bank accounts and he alone decides how to spend the tens of millions of dollars received from foreign donors.

Iron hand . . . Arafat presents himself to the world as the born-again peacemonger, but many say the reality is that his regime is becoming a ruthless dictatorship PHOTOGRAPH: TOM STODDART

When South Korea approved $7 million for Palestinian economic development, Mr Arafat shaved off $2 million for a new presidential headquarters and residence on the outskirts of Nablus. Palestinians learned of their president's grandiose scheme after he sent in police to confiscate thousands of acres belonging to local farmers. Some of the landowners lay down in front of the Palestinian Authority's bulldozers and have since disappeared. They are widely believed to have been detained by one of Mr Arafat's nine security agencies.

Testimonies gathered by human rights activists show that commanders of Mr Arafat's 45,000-strong police force are mired in scandals ranging from kidnapping and rape to embezzlement, blackmail and land theft. Earlier this year a 17-year-old girl from Gaza committed suicide after she was raped by a senior police officer. In Jerusalem a Palestinian academic who claimed she was raped by one of Mr Arafat's close advisers has been detained by Palestinian secret service personnel.

In Ramallah the deputy mayor, Zaki Nahas, was abducted by members of Force 17, Mr Arafat's presidential security guards, after he refused to sell his land to a senior Palestinian official. In the same city a wealthy businessman, Ahmed Abu Ghosh, was severely beaten by the head of the Palestinian secret service, Colonel Jibril Rajoub, after he refused to give up his parking space to the wife of a Palestinian minister.

Last month Col Rajoubs's agents, acting on Mr Arafat's direct instructions, kidnapped an Israeli-Arab businessman from his Jerusalem home. Abdel Salam Harbawi's only fault was to file a complaint in an Israeli court against the Coptic church in Arab East Jerusalem. The cause of the dispute was trivial, but the church took its version to Mr Arafat.

When Mr Harbawi rejected Palestinian arbitration, he was kidnapped. He was released from prison in Ramallah only after Israel sealed off access to the city and warned it would cancel a forthcoming meeting between its foreign minister, David Levy, and Mr Arafat.

"Arafat's policemen are behaving like gangsters," says a Palestinian journalist. "The problem is we don't know under which law they operate. Each force has its own prison and acts independently."

The Palestinian navy may not have a single ship to its name, but it does possess a lock-up. The secret of the navy's detention facilities might never have surfaced but for the tragic death of a young Palestinian, Mahmoud Jumayl, who died under torture in Nablus. He was arrested eight months ago when he knocked on the door of Col Rajoub's police station in Jericho to inquire about his missing brother.

Last week 26-year-old Jumayl was handed over to Mr Arafat's navy police commandos. Three days later his mutilated body was brought to a West Bank hospital. Witnesses said that Jumayl had been branded with hot irons and suffered extensive cigarette burns. He was the seventh Palestinian to die under torture in Mr Arafat's prisons.

Jumayl's death has provoked a mini intifada against the Arafat regime. Thousands of Palestinian mourners joined the funeral procession last week in Jumayl's home town of Nablus, throwing stones at police, burning tyres on the city streets and shouting anti-Arafat slogans.

In the nearby town of Tulkarm, Palestinian policemen last week shot and killed a 28-year-old Palestinian who participated in a demonstration. Four others were seriously injured.

"I can tell you there is organised torture in Arafat's prisons," says Hosam Khadr, a member of the Palestinian Legislative Council. "I myself am a veteran of Israeli prisons and I was arrested by the Israelis on 23 occasions. What is happening in our prisons now is much worse than what we experienced in Israeli jails during the 27 years of occupation."

Krajina Serbs 'still being terrorised'

Julian Borger in Sarajevo

THE few elderly Serbs who clung to their homes in the Krajina region of Croatia despite a Croatian army offensive a year ago are still being terrorised, the Red Cross and human rights organisations said last week.

In separate reports, Human Rights Watch (HRW) in New York accused the government of allowing "looting, burning and killing" to continue in Krajina despite its promises of protection and the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) alleged that "soft terrorism" was being carried out against the region's aged Serbs.

The scathing reports were an embarrassment to Croatia's president, Franjo Tudjman, on the day he met President Clinton in Washington. Croatia is trying to renegotiate entry to the Council of Europe after being barred in May for human rights infringements.

On August 4 last year the Croatian army launched a blitzkrieg attack on Serb rebel positions and retook the Krajina region, which lies along the border with Bosnia. About 200,000 Serbs fled, leaving only 10,000, mostly elderly, people. More than 200 were killed or disappeared in the months that followed as gangs of Croatian thugs roamed Krajina pillaging and burning Serb villages.

After an international uproar, the government increased the police presence in the area last October, but according to reports by the ICRC, HRW and the Croatian Helsinki Committee the threat to Serb survivors has not diminished.

The ICRC report said: "Criminal acts and abuses continue to be carried out on a regular basis against the most vulnerable amongst the remaining [Serb] population and there has been no improvement noted in the protection situation . . . Returnees have had their houses burnt down in arson attacks and there have been serious injuries and deaths caused by deliberately planted explosive devices." François Bellon, an ICRC spokesman in Belgrade, said: "In Krajina, there is what I would call soft terrorism."

The ICRC report, citing Croatian government figures, said 89 houses were destroyed by arson or explosives and 12 people killed. The Human Rights watch report said 80 serbs were executed in Krajina between November and April.

Dirty tricks used to trap Russian Untouchables

James Meek in Moscow

THE HEAD of a secretive Kremlin-based fund notorious for importing hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of duty-free liquor is arrested on drugs charges. Special investigators from the former KGB pounce on a senior officer in an intelligence-gathering service, accused of embezzling huge amounts. The deputy head of Russia's bankruptcy agency is seized and charged with taking bribes.

Are Russia's security services finally getting tough with their country's rampant corruption where it matters, at the top? Has someone been touching the Untouchables?

Last month Pyotr Karpov, deputy head of a government agency involved in judging whether state-owned firms should be declared bankrupt, vanished from Moscow. It emerged later that he had been arrested and bundled off to a typhoid-ridden 19th century remand prison in the town of Saratov, 1,000 miles away. Last week he was finally charged with taking bribes.

The case against him is clear enough. In 1994 he is said to have visited Saratov and taken a $4,500 bribe to declare a firm bankrupt to help a rival of the then general director gain control. Police say they found $160,000 in cash in his flat last month; his official salary is $400 a month.

Mikhail Berger, economics editor of Izvestiya, is among those who see the case in a more sinister light. He claims Mr Karpov had made too many enemies on his travels around Russia. His boss, Pyotr Mostovoy, is also under criminal investigation.

"Karpov represented a great threat to the shadow sector, a systemic danger," said Berger. "I think the tradition of Soviet times has been preserved — when a big minister can ring somebody up and say 'Check Petrov or Sidorov, I think he's hiding something', and that's considered to be an order."

With Boris Fyodorov, head of the National Sports Fund, the stakes were much higher. Two months ago, as head of the organisation that raises money for the country's sportsmen and women, he was in daily contact with the most powerful men around Boris Yeltsin. Now he is in an undisclosed western European country, recovering from an assassination attempt and fearing for his life.

He was arrested in May after police found a few grams of cocaine in his car (he claimed last week the drugs were planted by a police officer). He was held for a few days before being released and sacked as head of the fund. In June he was shot and stabbed.

Soon afterwards, a Moscow newspaper, Novaya Gazeta, published the transcript of an "insurance policy" tape of Mr Fyodorov in which he portrayed his boss, the sports minister, Shamil Tarpishchev, as a greedy, embezzling clown dominated by his wife.

For Sergei Zamoshkin, a Moscow lawyer, the issue is not so much whether the accused is corrupt, as the illegal way the investigators go about their work.

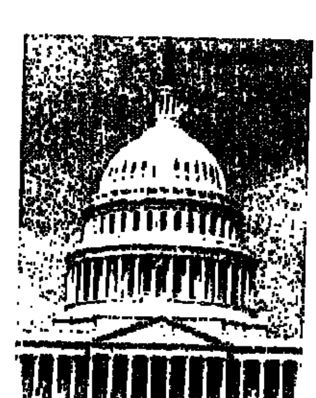
He is one of the lawyers trying to defend General Valery Monastyretsky, head of finance at the Fapsi secret communications agency, who faces embezzlement charges.

Against Russian law, the case is being run by the FSB, an investigative team from the former KGB, which has refused to tell the general what he is accused of and has tried to keep lawyers out of the remand prison where he has been held for several months.

"Corruption is a terrible thing and it needs to be fought. But it needs to be fought by lawful methods, with constitutional methods, and the authorities don't want to do that," said Mr Zamoshkin.

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Clinton revealed as a true Victorian of old



The US this week

Martin Walker

IN ONE last thrashing spasm of legislation, what had threatened to be an impotent Congress finally earned its summer vacation. In four brisk days it redefined welfare, raised the minimum wage, passed a sound piece of health reform and a silly law that was allegedly aimed against terrorism, and, in sum, conspired happily with the Clinton re-election campaign.

The president may now tell his party convention in Chicago that he did not destroy Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal for destitute women and children, but instead fulfilled his 1992 promises "to end welfare as we know it" and to ensure that ordinary working Americans would not lose their health insurance when they change or lose their jobs.

"We have seen Congress go from gridlock to Olympic Gold," trumpeted the new majority leader, Senator Trent Lott of Mississippi, one of the Republican chieftains who voted against the minimum wage bill but was openly content that it was passed. Congressman Dick Armey, the second-ranking Republican in the House, also voted against it. Having said earlier that he would oppose the bill "with every fibre of my being", Armey had little choice. A passionate free market man, Armey argues that an increase in the minimum wage will necessarily increase unemployment by making unskilled labour more expensive.

The bill increases the minimum wage from $4.25 to $5.15 an hour, raising the annual pay of such workers in a full-time job from $8,600 to $10,300 a year. To pacify the objections of Armey and others, the bill also includes some $21 billion in tax breaks for small businesses over the next 10 years to help them pay the higher wages.

The health reform is known as the Kassebaum-Kennedy bill, after its two sponsors in the Senate. One was the reliable old liberal, Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts, whose support for any measure is sometimes enough to doom it for Republicans. The other was Nancy Kassebaum of Kansas, who like her fellow Kansan Bob Dole, is retiring this year. By passing this bill, which has the overwhelming support of the public, radical reform of the overall US medical system, which Hillary Clinton had proposed, becomes far less likely.

A sensible and moderate bill from a sensible and moderate woman, this measure resolves one of the worst features of the US medical system: the ability of insurers to fire their customers when they cease to be the kind of profitable risk the insurance company would prefer to cover.

"Every American who has played by the rules will be able to keep their health insurance coverage even if they change jobs, lose their job or have a pre-existing condition. It is a historic step forward," Senator Kassebaum said, sounding uncannily like Clinton in that phrase "every American who has played by the rules".

It chimes with the whole thrust of Clinton's domestic reforms, which are increasingly to stress the difference between the working and thus the deserving poor, who are honest and respectable, and the undeserving poor, those unable or unwilling to work their way out of welfare. Like so much else about the Clinton era, from the strengthening class system to the stress on civic virtues and making divorce less easy, it carries some strikingly Victorian echoes.

Clinton always spoke in such terms. Recall his sternly retributionist attitude to crime in the 1992 campaign, which inspired this reporter to suggest that Clintonism was "Keynesian economics plus the electric chair". And recall also how Clinton as candidate always put the stress on "ordinary hardworking Americans who play by the rules". Democrats used to be concerned with ameliorating the condition of the poor, whatever their energies or their character. The New Democrats of Clinton's party make very clear distinctions between those who play by his rules and those who do not.

And just in case any quibbling liberals complain that his 1992 promises were not meant to be financed by the wholesale pauperisation of women and children, the president can brandish the 20 per cent increase in the minimum wage. Along with the Earned Income Tax Credit of his first year in office, the minimum wage allows Clinton to boast that he has done more to improve the condition of the working poor than any president since Lyndon Johnson. (What he is doing for the workless poor hardly bears thinking about.)

The extraordinary feature of this flurry of legislation is that it was all passed by the Republicans, who are supposed to be united in their determination to topple the Clinton presidency in November. But they are rather more keen on being re-elected themselves, and understandably do not relish the prospect of facing the voters as a do-nothing Congress.

Since they could not pass their own campaign promises to balance the budget, enact term limits and slash taxes on capital gains, they had to make do with passing Clinton's legislation. And since Clinton is at heart a centrist who believes in One Nation and sound money (and is thus indistinguishable from a liberal Republican in the Nixon-Eisenhower mould), the Republicans could have done a great deal worse.

They could, for example, have found themselves stuck with former Senator Bob Dole, who was supposed to be running a presidential election campaign until he was diverted by the chance to replay the roles of Michael Dukakis and Fritz Mondale. To put it like that may be unfair to the doomed Democratic candidates of 1988 and 1984. At least Mondale rallied the old Democratic base of the unions, and at least Dukakis gave George Bush the occasional scare, and even nosed briefly ahead in the opinion polls.



Dole has yet to get within 15 points of Clinton, and the latest acquiescence of the Republican Congress in enacting the Clinton agenda suggests that his party has written off Dole's chances. There were two good reasons last week why they are so tempted to do so. First, the latest figures showed the economy slowing a little, enough at least to dissuade the Federal Reserve from increasing interest rates. The lingering threat of a calamitous plunge of the stock markets, one of the miracles that Republicans may yet save their bacon, accordingly receded.

Second, the trial of two Arkansas bankers ended with the first real setback for Kenneth Starr, the independent counsel in the Whitewater matter. Charged with criminal breaches of the election finance rules in Governor Clinton's 1990 re-election, the bankers were acquitted of two serious charges, and a mistrial was declared on the rest.

Perhaps terrorism could provide the unexpected springboard for the Dole campaign, a sense of national vulnerability and fear, combining with a great frustration at the inability of Clinton to do much about it. I doubt it. The American public, which tolerates the annual deaths of some 20,000 of its citizens from handgun deaths, is not so squeamish that a few bombs provoke a fit of the vapours. To match the handgun toll, there would have to be two bombs each week of the scale of the Oklahoma City blast, or a jumbo jet downed every five days.

Moreover, the American people are intelligent enough to realise that Oklahoma City, the bombing of their troop barracks in Saudi Arabia, the destruction of flight TWA 800, and the oddly amateur knapsack pipe bomb in Atlanta's Centennial Park may have little in common but that vague word "terrorism". The United States is not faced with a vicious but somehow rational enemy with a political goal, like the IRA in its attacks on Britain, or the Al-Fatah terrorist strikes against Israel and the world's airlines.

The US is beset with enemies both foreign and domestic. And unlike the Red Brigades who terrorised Italy or the Red Army Fraction which waged its nasty little campaign against West Germany, America's tormentors are intent on anonymity rather than publicity, on mystification rather than notoriety. This is very odd. Terrorists usually like to take credit for their crimes and win headlines for their causes, and make it clear that in return for certain concessions, the pain will stop.

ONE theory which is given currency at both the FBI and State Department is that a kind of Islamic International is coalescing around a core of veterans of the Afghan wars. There is no single nation or group or political movement that masterminds the campaigns, but a large and helpful sea in which the terrorists can swim. In short, it may be impossible to assemble any convincing evidence that the governments of Iran, Iraq, Libya or Syria (to name the usual suspects) are behind the attacks. But there is a kind of freelance help, in false papers and passports, in communications, and in access to plastic explosives and military detonators, that individuals or semi-detached departments of the intelligence agencies of these countries can provide.

It is still not clear whether Libya, Iran or Syria can be said to have been "behind" the bomb that downed the Pan Am jumbo jet over Lockerbie, Scotland, in December 1988. There is circumstantial evidence to implicate each one of them. But implications are not proof. And the US is having only partial success in cajoling its allies into imposing a kind of quarantine against those deemed to be rogue states. After its invasion of Kuwait, Iraq is still under international sanction, and so is Libya, for refusing to make available for trial two citizens wanted for trial on the Pan Am bombing. (The advocates of stern retaliation against states that sponsor terrorism often suggest that Libya's Colonel Gadafy learned his lesson after President Reagan sent the US air force to bomb his palace and his capital city of Tripoli in 1985. But such a claim sits uneasily alongside the demand that Gadafy surrender his men for trial for a terrorist attack in 1988.)

The US would like to quarantine Iran, but the evidence against the country is at best incomplete. Some intelligence sources suggest that the evidence may be stronger against elements of Pakistani military intelligence, which acted as the main conduit of arms to the Afghan mojahedin during the 1980s.

Given all this confusion, the US public seems unlikely to throw Clinton out of office simply because his presidency has coincided with America's age of terrorism. At least Clinton can claim that he tried, offering a new anti-terrorist bill that would encroach yet further on civil liberties by making it easier to tap telephones, and also by requiring "taggants" to be included in all commercial explosives. These are tiny trace elements, coded strings of very durable plastics, which enable police and forensic scientists to identify the source material of any bomb.

The Republicans rejected this in the anti-terrorist bill they passed last week, accepting the arguments of the National Rifle Association that taggants in explosives could affect the integrity of the black powder and other propellants used in ammunition. We have yet to hear any demands from the usual sources that the world should quarantine the gun lobby, or send the US air force against its headquarters.

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Somalia's wily warlord

OBITUARY

Mohammed Farah Aideed

THE career of the Somali warlord Mohammed Farah Aideed, who has died aged 59, apparently of a heart attack after being badly wounded in militia fighting, was nurtured in 1950s Italy.

It germinated as the superpowers played poker in the Horn of Africa in the latter days of the cold war — with guns as chips — and flourished as his country was torn apart by those weapons in the 1990s. His times came with the downfall of the Somalian dictator Mohammed Siad Barre in January 1991. Aideed was the most famous of the warlords who have struggled for supremacy in that country's six-year civil war. And his legacy haunts United States foreign policy to this day. The Gulf war may have been a brief triumph, Mogadishu was a lasting disaster.

Aideed attended an Italian military academy in the mid-1950s; police training in Rome followed, and by 1958 he was back in Somalia as Mogadishu's chief of police. In 1960 the country won its independence. In 1963 Aideed took a three-year course at the Soviet War Strategic Academy.

Somalia began its long slide into



Aideed: Died trying to restore his waning power

chaos in 1969. The Somali Republic was rent by fragmentation and tribalism, which climaxed with the seizure of power by Siad Barre. It was a time when the rhetoric of Soviet-style modernisation was still in vogue. Thus the country swung towards the Soviet sphere of influence, thus did the country become the Somali Democratic Republic, and thus did Siad Barre's mechanism of control become the Somali Revolutionary Socialist Party. And thus did Aideed briefly become the dictator's intelligence boss, but it was an uneasy relationship.

With the Somali invasion of Ethiopia in 1977 the Soviet link snapped — Moscow had aimed its money, influence and weapons towards Ethiopia — and by 1980, Siad Barre had signed a defence agreement with the United States. During that period Aideed was in a Somali jail but in 1984 Siad Barre released him and soon he embarked on a diplomatic career, as ambassador to Turkey and India.

In 1989 Siad Barre recalled him from New Delhi but Aideed chose Italian exile, where he and other dissidents from his Hawiye clan formed the United Somali Congress; Aideed was the chairman.

By then military catastrophe, the end of the cold war, a refugee crisis and famine were rocking Siad Barre's regime. Coming out of Ethiopia, the USC fought its way (with the help of the northern guerrilla opposition) to Mogadishu, and eventually Siad Barre was chased out of the capital in 1991. But troops loyal to the dictator fought on and a power struggle between other factions within the USC and the Hawiye clan, between Aideed and his arch rival Ali Mahdi, erupted. Somalia, rich with cold war guns, turned into a wasteland.

In 1992 the United Nations organised a brief ceasefire. During that year, despite blocking tactics by Aideed and the raging war, its presence grew. So did the humanitarian crisis. But it was in December 1992, with the US-led "Operation Restore Hope" that Aideed's name featured in the international news pages. By the end of that month, 30,000 US and UN troops from 21 other countries had moved into Somalia. Reconciliation talks were promoted, the Americans pressed flesh with Aideed. He said he would disarm but didn't. In June 1993 Aideed's USC forces ambushed a UN contingent, killing 23 Pakistani soldiers. The UN forces declared him an outlaw. But seemingly indiscriminate violence by UN forces increased friction. One night in early October some 200 Somalis, 18 US Rangers and one Malaysian soldier were killed in a US-led attack on Aideed's supporters. Subsequent demands for Aideed's arrest were dropped. Seven months later, US forces withdrew from Somalia. In 1995 the last UN forces pulled out, leaving the country to Aideed and his rivals.

The war between Aideed and Mahdi never ended. And when he declared himself president last year, his own alliance fractured again. His death was one more in a cataclysm born of economic collapse, regional and clan conflict and the catastrophic after-effects of East-West rivalry on the southern hemisphere.

Nigel Fountain

Mohammed Farah Aideed (Hassan), warlord, born December 15, 1936; died August 1, 1996

Row over corruption splits leaders of ANC

David Beresford in Johannesburg

SOUTH AFRICA'S African National Congress is being shaken by the most serious leadership squabbles since it came to power in the 1994 majority rule elections.

An extraordinary attack was made on its national leadership last week by a man recently sacked from the government for implicating an ANC cabinet minister in a seven-year-old bribery scandal.

General Bantu Holomisa, the former deputy minister of the environment and tourism, suggested that the ANC was in the pocket of the controversial casino boss Sol Kerzner, who is at the centre of the long-running bribe scandal.

The row coincides with moves to dismiss an important regional premier, Patrick Lekota, in a provincial ANC power struggle that could have national repercussions.

Gen Holomisa launched his attack on the ANC leadership in response to the announcement that he is to face "charges" at a forthcoming disciplinary hearing. He is being accused of "bringing the ANC into disrepute" by alleging to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission — investigating political crimes of the apartheid era — that the present minister of public enterprises, Stella Sigcau, shared in a R2 million ($445,000) bribe Mr Kerzner paid to a bantustan leader in the 1980s for gambling rights in the Transkei.

Gen Holomisa told a Johannesburg press conference that Mr Kerzner had helped to finance the ANC's 1994 election campaign, and that it was well-known he had funded social events for ANC leaders, including the 50th birthday party of the deputy president, Thabo Mbeki. He said the fact that Mr Kerzner had still not been prosecuted for his admitted bribery created the impression that he was being protected by the ANC in return for favours.

He made no reference to a far more striking example of Kerzner largess to the ANC — his funding of the high-society wedding and honeymoon of President Mandela's daughter Zinzi.

He blamed Mr Mbeki for trying to have him expelled from the ANC.

It is understood that President Mandela made strenuous efforts recently to protect Gen Holomisa from possible expulsion, with a series of frantic telephone calls — one to the general's home at 3am — pleading with him to apologise to Ms Sigcau for the bribery allegation. Gen Holomisa refused.

There are fears in some ANC quarters that Mr Mbeki may also have a hand in the efforts to unseat Mr Lekota — and that it may be part of a wider strategy by the deputy president to get his supporters into key positions in anticipation of his succession to the presidency when Mr Mandela retires.

Mr Lekota has been embroiled in a long-running dispute with other ANC leaders in the Free State province, who have already managed to force him out of the provincial chairmanship of the party. The power struggle also involves corruption allegations.

Mr Lekota was one of the most respected leaders of the United Democratic Front, effectively the internal wing of the ANC in the 1980s. Keeping an Afrikaans bible by his bedside, and taking a keen interest in rugby, he is credited with having done much to dispel possible tensions with the deeply conservative Afrikaners in the Free State.

Gen Holomisa, who received his military training in the South



South African police remove a body from Tembisa station near Johannesburg after a stampede left at least 15 people dead and 65 injured. Security guards using potentially lethal cattle prods are being blamed for the incident PHOTOGRAPH: GARY BERNARD

African defence force in the apartheid years, and was at one stage military leader of the Transkei, is nevertheless extremely popular with rank and file members of the ANC. Something of a loose cannon politically, he has shown himself to be a master of intrigue.

The row over the bribery allegations has also created a rift between Archbishop Desmond Tutu's truth commission and Mr Mandela. The commission criticised the ANC for sacking Gen Holomisa, protesting that the government was creating the impression that he was being dismissed for testifying.

Mr Mandela promptly rebuked the commission, accusing it of interfering in the presidential prerogative to hire and fire ministers. The commission said last week it was seeking a meeting with the ANC leadership to iron out their differences.

Zimbabwe mob defies gay ruling

Andrew Meldrum in Harare

A MOB stopped Gays and Lesbians of Zimbabwe (Galz) from opening their stand at the country's international book fair at the weekend, despite a high court ruling days earlier confirming their right to exhibit the group's literature at the fair.

About 100 young men blocked the aisle in front of the Galz stand. "We don't want any homos in Zimbabwe," shouted one man, who would not give his name. "We will smash them, we will kill them." After two hours, Galz representatives announced that because of inadequate security they would not open their stand. The crowd then turned on officials, journalists and bystanders, shouting at them and accusing them of being homosexuals.

The government banned Galz from having a stand at the fair, but the decision was overturned by the high court.

"We back our president, we don't want gays here," said Herbert Ushewokunze Jr, a public prosecutor who said he had come to the fair as a concerned citizen.

The mob seems to have been instigated by a handful of men, some reportedly linked to President Robert Mugabe's party, the Zimbabwe African National Union-Patriotic Front (Zanu-PF). Several of the men said they were upholding traditional African values.

"These gays are trying to change our way of life," said Tendai Musarurwa. "A wife who doesn't like to be told what to do can just tell her husband, 'No, I am comfortable being a lesbian.' We cannot accept that."

Clearly Mr Mugabe has struck a homophobic chord among many Zimbabwean men. Male authority is still largely unquestioned here. In a society where parliamentarians continue to debate whether it was wise to grant women the legal age of majority, gay rights are seen as even more threatening to the status quo.

"Basically there is a strong homophobic response in Zimbabwe because the public has been fed misinformation by the state media for years," said Galz's interim administrator, Keith Goddard. "We are frustrated in our efforts at public information, which we believe would bring more tolerance."

Although there is no doubt that Mr Mugabe's campaign against homosexuals is the result of his own personal and religious beliefs, it is also an issue he has used for political gain.

After 16 years in power, his government is finding it difficult to rally support as it loses credibility and faces accusations of corruption.

"He is using gays as a scapegoat, to deflect attention away from our pressing economic problems and corruption," said Mr Goddard.

Other political analysts suggest that by attacking gays he is also undermining Zimbabwe's nascent human rights movement.

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The Week in Britain James Lewis

Divorcees' pensions put on millennial backburner

CAMPAIGNERS for women's rights were elated this summer when the Government was forced to accept the proposition that divorcees should be entitled to a share of their ex-husband's pensions. But they were enraged to learn last week that the change in law will not take effect until the year 2000.

More than half a million women are expected to get divorced between now and then, but they will not benefit from pension-splitting because the law will not be applied retrospectively.

The Social Security Minister, Lord Mackay of Ardbrecknish, said the change could not be made any earlier because his department's computer system was being modernised and could not cope with further complications.

Pension-splitting, which the Tories never wanted, was a concession wrenched from the Government by Labour as its price for supporting the controversial Family Law Bill. And now Labour suspects that the Government is dragging its heels because pension-splitting will deprive the Treasury of millions of pounds in tax revenue.

The Government had to be dragged screaming and kicking towards pension justice, said the shadow pensions spokesman, John Denham. "Thousands of women who have contributed over the years to the sustenance of the home and family . . . will now suffer poverty in retirement because of the needless delays."

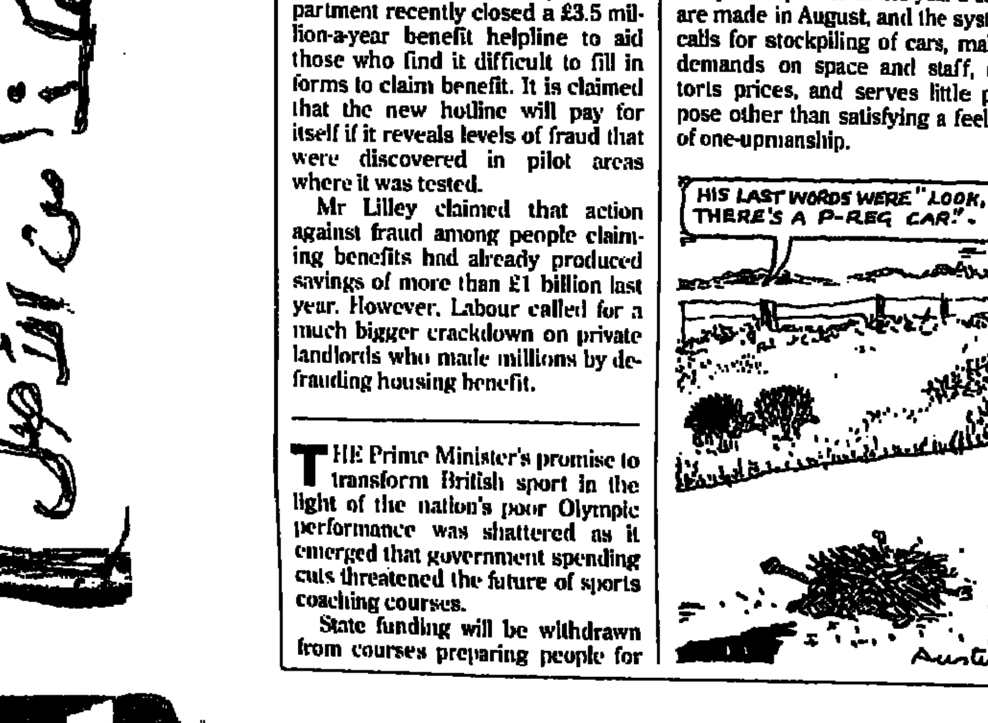
Sally Quin, of the divorcees' campaign group, Fairshares, said: "If the only thing holding back the commencement of pensions-splitting is a computer system, I don't think it's beyond the capability of the Government to find a way around it."

THE Social Security Secretary, Peter Lilley, set up a telephone hotline — dubbed by critics as a "snitchers" line — to urge the public to sneak on benefit cheats.

His campaign is backed by a snappy advertising slogan: "Know a benefit rip-off? Give us a telephone tip-off." By the end of the first day 1,654 callers had registered their suspicions.

In order to save money, the department recently closed a £3.5 million-a-year benefit helpline to aid those who find it difficult to fill in forms to claim benefit. It is claimed that the new hotline will pay for itself if it reveals levels of fraud that were discovered in pilot areas where it was tested.

Mr Lilley claimed that action against fraud among people claiming benefits had already produced savings of more than £1 billion last year. However, Labour called for a much bigger crackdown on private landlords who made millions by defrauding housing benefit.



THE Prime Minister's promise to transform British sport in the light of the nation's poor Olympic performance was shattered as it emerged that government spending cuts threatened the future of sports coaching courses.

State funding will be withdrawn from courses preparing people for "leisure-time occupations" unless they can be proved to be relevant for employment.

Only days before, John Major had promised £300 million a year — mostly from the National Lottery — to improve the nation's sporting prospects through a programme called Raising the Game. The Atlanta Olympics, he said, would be the last at which British athletes would have to struggle for financial support.

The Central Council for Physical Education admitted that many sports coaches were volunteers, but said that they relied on professional training offered by the kind of people whose courses were now being threatened.

Gold in need of brass, page 31

A DERBYSHIRE family won an 18-year campaign for justice when the killer of a teenager was jailed for life.

Michael Brookes, aged 51, was found guilty of killing 16-year-old Lynn Siddons in 1978, though the police had earlier refused to prosecute him.

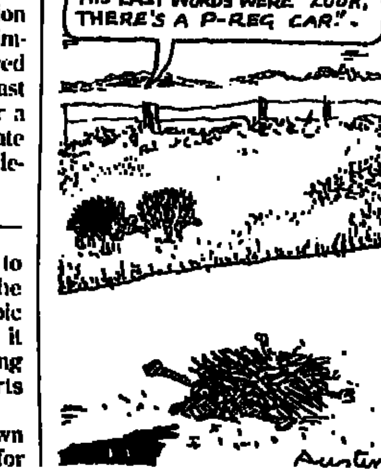
Brookes's stepson, Fitzroy, was originally accused of the murder but was acquitted after he said that, though he had taken part in Lynn's killing, it was "on the instigation and under the control" of his stepfather, who dealt the fatal blows and strangled her.

Lynn's mother and grandmother finally got the case reopened by launching an unprecedented private claim for damages against Brookes in 1991. They were awarded £10,641 after Mr Justice Rougier said that he was left in "no reasonable doubt" that Brookes was the killer.

THE motor industry is pressing the Government to scrap the system of changing car-registration prefix letters every year on August 1.

As the prefix changed last week to "P", thousands of status-conscious motorists rushed to showrooms at midnight to snap up a new set of wheels. Manufacturers are hoping that the desire to display the latest set of plates will push sales by the month's end to 485,000 — the highest August haul since 1989.

Up to a quarter of the year's sales are made in August, and the system calls for stockpiling of cars, makes demands on space and staff, distorts prices, and serves little purpose other than satisfying a feeling of one-upmanship.





Flower power . . . PC Terry Johnson avoids the stink as the Titan Arum flower at Kew Gardens last week burst into bloom for the first time in 33 years. Its smell, caused when the flowers at the base of the central spike are fertilised, has been likened to rotting flesh, fish and burnt sugar PHOTO: KIPPA MATTHEWS

Handgun ban divides Tories

Alan Travis and John Arlidge

MINISTERS and the police last week moved to disown six Conservative MPs who came out against a ban on the private ownership of handguns in the wake of the Dunblane massacre.

Dunblane parents led protests after the disclosure that the six have used their majority on the Commons Home Affairs Select Committee to oppose a ban when its gun controls inquiry reports on August 13.

John Crozier, whose five-year-old daughter Emma died at Dunblane, said: "These MPs appear to be considering the so-called rights of shooters. Instead, they should apply their minds to the civil liberties of our babies who were shot dead. What is more important, their right not to be shot by a state-sanctioned gunman or the right of someone to shoot a gun for fun?"

When the committee met in private to finalise its report, the Conservatives, including chairman Sir Ivan Lawrence, overruled the five Labour members who wanted a ban. The Labour MPs accused the Tories of caving into the gun lobby and plan a minority report.

The disclosure seemed only to strengthen the growing consensus between the police, Labour and, privately, many ministers in favour of a ban on heavy calibre handguns.

Michael Forsyth, the Scottish Secretary, told the six MPs they should have waited for the Cullen inquiry report into the massacre in September. The Association of Chief Police Officers (ACPO) made clear it favoured a partial ban which would remove 210,000 of the 250,000 legally held handguns.

The offices of the six MPs — Sir Ivan (Burton), David Ashby (Leicestershire NW), Walter Sweeney (Vale of Glamorgan), Dame Jill Knight (Edgbaston), Warren Hawksley (Halesowen and Stourbridge) and John Greenway (Ryedale) — were inundated with protests after the Sun newspaper printed their telephone numbers.

Mr Greenway, a former police officer, explained: "The Association of Chief Police Officers said a ban would be impractical. The Police Superintendents' Association told us it would be a serious restriction of civil liberties. We took the view that it is not legally held firearms that cause the problem in this country. It is the way that firearms certificates are issued where the law needs to be strengthened."

But Jim Sharples, Merseyside chief constable and Acpo spokesman, disowned Mr Greenway's argument, saying that although Acpo had said "a total prohibition of handguns would be impractical", it went on to back a prohibition on all but the 10 per cent of handguns which were used in lawful sporting activities, were single shot and had a calibre of less than .22.

Earlier, the Home Office published research demonstrating that levels of gun homicides are 50 times higher in the US than in England and Wales, and handgun homicides 150 times higher.

Richard Munday, editor of Handgunner magazine, later claimed to have "destroyed the reliability" of the research.

Don't be frit, local dialects are thriving

A BEMUSED regional, national and world public is to get its first authoritative guide through the maze of English dialect words next month, *writes John Ezard*.

It tells where you should deploy the insult "addle-headed", where you should call a female cat a "betty-cat" and it pinpoints the area which nurtured Lady Thatcher's famous jibe against the Labour party — "frit, frit, frit".

The new dialect map shows that "frit" comes from a sliver of central England stretching down not only from Grantham, the baroness's birthplace, but from Nottinghamshire through Buckinghamshire almost to the Greater London border.

It is, the guide discloses, one of the most ancient of words, the elsewhere disused past tense of the Old English verb "to fright". Similar words, so rarely used that they have dropped off the map, are "fritted" in Rutland and "fritten" in Shropshire. Two Old Norse words still on the map, "flayed" and "scared", would have sprung to Lady Thatcher's lips had she been raised in the North or on the East Anglian coast. They date from Viking invasions.

These examples come from one of 90 pronunciation and dialect word maps in An Atlas Of English Dialects, to be published by Oxford University Press on September 15.

The book's moral is that dialect is astonishingly live and well in England, despite the standardising trends of television, newspapers, modern communications and mobility.

The atlas shows how words jump regional and county boundaries. "Goosegog", for gooseberry, crops up in small pockets of Merseyside, the Bristol area, Dorset and east Devon. "Addle-headed" is listed only in Somerset and Gloucestershire. "Betty-cat" is purely East Anglian.

The book is the fruit of the Survey of English Dialects, which began collecting words from 313 mainly rural areas in 1948. The survey focused on elderly, rural, uneducated speakers little influenced by radio or television. Though fieldwork ended in 1961, scholars have updated it with regional surveys.

"Every time someone says that dialect has all gone, this is countered by new evidence that it persists," said Professor John Widdowson of Sheffield University's centre for English cultural tradition and language.

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Peace women cleared over jet attack

Martin Wainwright, David Fairhall and John Vidal

FOUR women peace campaigners left Liverpool crown court in triumph last week after a jury cleared them of charges relating to £1.5 million worth of damage to a military jet which they attacked with hammers.

The women had freely admitted the attack on the Hawk fighter at British Aerospace's huge plant at Warton, near Preston, where it was one of 24 similar aircraft due for export to the military government in Indonesia.

The majority verdict vindicated the protesters' largely home-made defence: that the jet's export would flout repeated United Nations condemnations of Indonesian repression of the population of East Timor. Indonesia's military invaded the former Portuguese colony in 1975, since when 200,000 people — more than a third of the province's population — have died.

The court's decision was greeted with passionate approval by civil rights and church groups as a rare example of the "higher cause" outweighing the ordinary considerations of criminal law.

The women argued that they "had lawful excuse to disarm Hawk ZH955 because they were using reasonable force to prevent a crime". They cited international and British legislation against genocide.

Joanna Wilson, aged 33, and Andrea Needham, 29, of Liverpool, Lotta Kronlid, 28, of Oxford, and Angie Zelter, 44, of Cromer, Norfolk, were cleared of plotting to damage the aircraft and causing actual damage by wrecking its equipment. The verdict was greeted with sobs of disbelief in the courtroom and cheers outside, where supporters had demonstrated throughout the five-day trial.

The women told a jubilant throng of supporters, dancing in the city centre street, that they were "delighted and grateful" at the verdict.

The Catholic group Pax Christi said: "We are overjoyed that the jury has recognised the righteousness of the wonderful witness of Andrea, Jo, Lotta and Angie."

George Monbiot, the environmental campaigner, said of the verdict: "Its psychological and moral implications are enormous. There has been so much outrage about knives and handguns being used for violence, but here we have a deadly machine being made ready to kill thousands."

British Aerospace — which immediately served civil injunctions on the women, who publicly tore them up outside the court — admitted surprise at the verdict. The company said: "We operate in accordance with export licences granted by the Government. In addition we have no evidence that Hawk aircraft are used in a manner contrary to assurances provided by the Indonesian government to the British government."

The court earlier heard how the women cut through Warton's seven-mile perimeter fence, entered a secure hangar and damaged the jet in 25 places, including weapons systems. They also left a 15-minute video in the cockpit, which was shown to the jury, explaining their motives, and rang a news agency immediately afterwards to say what they had done.

The court heard a detailed defence from three of the women and barrister Vera Baird, acting for Joanna Wilson, which prompted agreement in court from Mr Justice Wickham and the prosecution that the aims behind the protest were genuine.

Expert witnesses for the defence included the journalist John Pilger, whose television documentary, "Death of a Nation", helped to inspire the East Timor Ploughshares campaign, and Paul Rogers, professor of peace studies at Bradford University and an expert on the arms trade.

David Ward adds: The verdict was denounced as perverse by Michael Jack, Conservative MP for Fylde. "The people of the Northwest will think that what these people did was plain wrong."

The four women promised to continue their campaign and revealed how easy it was to breach BAe's security and how much damage could be done to a sophisticated aircraft with a hammer.

"Aircraft are very fragile things," said Ms Needham, who gave up her job as a nurse to prepare for the direct action campaign. "We hammered on the weapons control system in the cockpit and on the wings and fuselage."

The disarming of the Hawk, which followed a 2½-year conventional campaign which had had no impact on the Government or BAe, began at 3am on January 29 with the snipping of the perimeter fence.

"There was so much adrenalin going we just got on with it," said Ms Needham. "We were expecting to be caught at any moment and just tried to do it as fast as we could."

The four spent six months at Risley remand centre, where they were at first regarded as curiosities. "Outside, people were saying that we couldn't go round smashing up other people's property. But people in prison don't have hang-ups about that. They accepted that if planes are going to kill people, then you stop them."

When the case came to trial, three of the campaigners opted to defend themselves.

"We wanted to say in our own words why we had done it and not have it translated by some barrister into legalese . . . We could appeal to the jury on an emotional level, which a barrister could not do . . . We were allowed to say quite a lot about East Timor and about our motives.

"We were not just appealing to the jury on a moral or emotional level. In law, you can use reasonable force to prevent crimes. We felt we had a very strong case.

"It's both a moral and a legal victory. Ordinary people can see that it's wrong to sell weapons to a genocidal regime. It's so clear — and yet the Government and British Aerospace continue to think that it's right and acceptable."

Banner talk . . . 'Ordinary people see it's wrong to sell weapons to a genocidal regime. Yet the Government and BAe continue to think it's acceptable', says Andrea Needham, one of the campaigners

Brigadier joins village battle to keep arms out of Coat

Geoffrey Gibbs

IT IS the sort of hamlet estate agents describe as "sought after". Properties rarely come on the market. When they do, they don't come cheaply.

Home to a mixed community of farmers, professional people and senior military officers — including Brigadier Robin Searby, commander of the British Forces in Bosnia three years ago — it is the very picture of English rural tranquillity.

But the residents of Coat, Somerset (population 100), are furious about a company's plans to build an explosives magazine in a disused railway cutting on their doorstep.

Interstate Technical Products has been discreetly manufacturing a range of small arms ammunition on an industrial estate in the nearby town of Martock for 13 years. It needs to move to a more isolated site to expand its business, about 95 per cent of which is done with overseas police and military customers.

Bob Lawson, the company's owner and manager, thought he had found the ideal site in the 400-yard long railway cutting to the east of Coat, listed on council records as a waste tip. His application for an explosives factory licence under the 1875 Explosives Act secured the assent of Somerset county council last week after the Health and Safety Executive approved.

But there will be a battle royal when he submits his planning application to the local planning authority. "Nobody in the village will break the law but we are going to oppose this right down the line at every stage of the planning process," said a Coat resident.

Villagers say CS gas will be stored at the installation. Brigadier Searby said in a statement to the county council that villagers were very concerned at the risk posed by the gas in the event of an accident.

"Given the correct wind vector and a breeze of only six miles an hour, the CS gas hazard would reach dwelling houses in the village within two minutes. Surely this cannot be acceptable."

Villagers are due to formulate an action plan at a meeting later this month and are printing T-shirts with a Keep Coat Bulletproof logo.

Chips are down for Mr Chips

James Meikle

THE slow goodbye of Mr Chips means male teachers may have disappeared from state primary schools by early next century, a senior education official said last week.

Only one teacher in six in primary schools is now a man because of poor pay and prospects and because of working with young children is seen as women's work.

The absence of adult male role models, especially from one-parent families headed by women, is reinforcing concern about educational under-achievement by boys.

The decline from the 1960s, when one primary teacher in four was a man, is worrying education chiefs so much that training colleges are to be set targets for male recruits, Anthea Millett, chief executive of the Teacher Training Agency, revealed.

"If boys are not being exposed to some of the values that men may show, a competitive edge for example, maybe that might result in under-achievement amongst some boys," she said.

Ms Millett said that on present trends, male primary teachers could disappear by 2010 but "the last thing we want is more men coming into the profession who are not up to the job".

In secondary schools, men have slipped below half the teaching force. Figures for all state teachers suggest the percentage of men in England and Wales rose from 37 per cent in 1950 to around 40 per cent in 1960, 1970 and 1980, before declining to the old level by 1990.

The Professional Association of Teachers' general secretary, John Andrews, said: "Schools are offering more part-time work and more short-term contracts, and these tend to attract more women than men."

Some men might also "unconsciously" be deterred from teaching young children because of the risk of allegations of abuse.

Nick Fell, the only male teacher among 15 women at Cliftonville county primary school in Kent, said: "Children need male role models and we have a need for children to relate to us."

Marathon peal takes its toll

IT STARTED on the roads, then caught on in supermarkets. Now the ubiquitous nineties' phenomenon — rage — has breached the tranquil English countryside, *Nick Varley reports*.

For the second time in a week bellringers have been subjected to an attack at odds with the Christian setting of their pastime.

Eight ringers in Blockley, Gloucestershire, were locked in a belfry after their chiming provoked a neighbour to retaliate.

Meanwhile, earlier in the week, Madge Mather, aged 64, took an axe to the belfry of St Swithin's Church in the village of Compton Bassett, 50 miles away in Wiltshire, saying: "I had a choice of going to prison or going mental. I am prepared to go to prison."

She hacked through the solid wooden door and cut the ropes used to ring the bells, which she claimed had made her life a misery for 10 years.

In Blockley, when the group descended after an evening's quarter peal they found they had been locked in by a broom cunningly wedged against the door. For 45 minutes their ringing had sounded out over the parish but their cries for help went unnoticed.

Something had to give and in the end it was the belfry door — after a shoulder charge by ringer John Nicholls.

Rail sell-off costs taxpayers £450m

Guardian Reporters

THE Government was this week dragged back into the politically damaging row over privatisation excesses and "fat cat pay" following revelations that City and legal advice on the rail sell-off programme has cost the taxpayer more than £450 million.

News of the huge fees collected by advisers to the Government, British Rail and Railtrack comes after revelations that directors of the recently privatised train leasing company, Porterbrook, are to pocket a windfall of nearly £80 million on the sale of the company to Stagecoach.

A former British Rail terminal manager, Sandy Anderson, is set to reap a bonus of £39.9 million made in only seven months from the sale of his train leasing company, in what was described by Labour as "the biggest privatisation scandal of them all".

Mr Anderson, managing director of the Porterbrook leasing company, and three directors, will become multi-millionaires if Stagecoach, the bus and train operator, gets official clearance for its £475 million bid for the company. They were immediately nicknamed "fat cat controllers" by Labour's shadow chancellor, Gordon Brown.

During the seven-month period, Porterbrook has seen its original stake of £15 million increase by more than 500 per cent to £80 million.

When the company was set up last November, the staff put up £15 million of the £75 million initial equity, with the rest financed by the merchant bank, Charterhouse, and bank debt.

BR was originally valued at £6.4 billion, but the core of its operation, Railtrack, was eventually sold off for only £1.9 billion.

Labour — keen to put the Government under pressure on an issue which has proved a persistent political liability for the Conservatives — immediately demanded that John Major and his ministers denounce the latest example of privatisation largesse.

Glenda Jackson, the party's transport spokeswoman, has written to the Prime Minister calling for an immediate clampdown on the newly privatised rail industry to ensure that the excesses of gas, water and electricity privatisation are not repeated.

She warned that a refusal to condemn the latest examples of privatisation excess would provoke a "long hot summer" for Mr Major and his cabinet colleagues.

"British taxpayers are sick and tired of people being made instant millionaires at their expense. John Major should stop stroking the fat cats and start condemning them," she said.

News that City bankers, lawyers and accountants working on rail privatisation have earned such huge fees was revealed in a written reply to Labour MP Gwyneth Dunwoody from transport minister John Watts.

It shows that since 1992/93 British Rail has paid £278 million for legal, financial and accounting advice to prepare the industry for what is seen as one of the most complex sell-offs.

The Department of Transport, the Office of Passenger Rail Franchising and the Office of the Rail Regulator paid out a further £97 million, while Railtrack, the company which controls the national infrastructure of track and signalling, spent another £78 million on advice.

Treasury sweetens offices sale

David Hencke

THE Treasury is preparing to offer sweeteners worth hundreds of millions of pounds to encourage property developers to conclude a £4 billion deal to buy the nation's social security offices before the general election.

Confidential letters reveal that the Treasury has raised the question of handing over some of the Department of Social Security's estate as a "gift" to firms in return for companies spending millions of pounds on improvements.

One plan to hand over the whole estate for just £1 has been ruled out as "politically unacceptable". But the documents obtained by Derek Foster, Labour's shadow Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, show that the Treasury is keen to consider other options involving low up-front payments to buy the offices, with the ministry participating in later property sell-offs.

The letters reveal that the Treasury has demanded a review of benefit office space and locations, with a view to rationalising provision.

The disclosure follows the passing of the DSS deadline for bids for the offices last Friday. The ministry is not disclosing how many of the 24 consortiums have bid, although John Beckwith, of Beckwith Property Fund Management — chairman of the Premier Club, where members pay £100,000 to dine twice a year with John Major — has decided this month not to go ahead.

The Treasury proposals, revealed in letters circulating around Whitehall and sent to the DSS, come against a background of growing concern about the effectiveness of the Government's Private Finance Initiative, which encourages the private sector to take on the risk of government business.

A number of schemes, from privately financed roads to the Channel high speed rail link and private prisons, are under investigation by the National Audit Office. Auditors are looking at whether any deals involve the cheap sale of public assets.

Ministers are concerned that the sale of the benefits office could slip beyond the next general election because of the complexity of sorting out all the title deeds and valuing the property. The present schedule already means that the exchange of contracts cannot be completed until September 1997, although the timescale allows ministers to complete a deal before the election, committing the next government to handing over the property.

Mr Foster said: "We cannot commit ourselves in advance of an election. We are anyway opposed to any sale of property that would involve offering private companies valuable assets at knock-down prices."

Natwest Markets advised the DSS: "There needs to be an element of short-term opportunism and entrepreneurial skills in the partnership, to identify and capitalise on development opportunities."



Labour fights for the browned-off voter

LABOUR'S secret summer weapons to woo cynical and sun-tanned young people from the clutches of "lying Tories" are free sunglasses, a mini frisbee, a stick of rock and a whirly hat, *writes David Hencke.*

From the sunny sands of Benidorm to the mudflats of Gravesend, Labour will attempt to recruit the "lager lout" vote as large consignments of balloons, whirly hats and stick-on badges are pressed into the hands of frazzled British holidaymakers. For the more refined sunseeker in Albufeira, Menorca and Alicante, free Labour leaflets can be clipped into a bulging Filofax to help insomniacs survive the afternoon siesta.

The latest appeal to Britain's youth was launched somewhat apologetically by three middle-aged politicians — deputy leader John Prescott, white-bearded Frank Dobson and a suitably suntanned Mo Mowlam — at a London press conference.

Labour's promise to put up posters along the Costas denouncing the Tories' £10 million "lies" campaign looked to be as successful as Neil Kinnock's infamous appearance on Brighton beach, where he fell into the sea. No dates and no sites were available from Labour's headquarters. Indeed, the only evidence of overseas activity was a full-page advert in the Benidorm edition of the Sun.

● Labour is to break new ground in its annual accounts by declaring the names of its 17 biggest donors who have given the party more than £5,000 in the last financial year.

EU questions residence test

David Brindle

THE European Commission is investigating Britain's controversial "habitual residence" test to see if it inhibits the free movement of people within the European Union.

Annette Bosscher, head of the Commission's social affairs division, says the working of the test — introduced two years ago by Peter Lilley, the Social Security Secretary, to stop so-called benefit tourists — is unsatisfactory.

Claimants who fail the test are denied benefit entitlement on the grounds their "centre of interests" lies elsewhere. The test has, however, caught not only many continental Europeans but also Britons and people from the rest of the world: in 1995/96, 6,089 British citizens failed the test on return from overseas, as did 6,326 people from European Economic Area countries and 7,308 others.

The Commission has assessed the test and found it does not conflict with existing European law. However, Ms Bosscher has referred the matter to a "high-level panel" which is considering the free movement of people within the EU.

Short role at conference

David Hencke

CLARE SHORT — recently deprived of the transport portfolio by Labour leader Tony Blair — is to chair a key session of the party's pre-election autumn conference in Blackpool, to the dismay of the leader's hypersensitive team of spin doctors.

Both will have to look the other way as Ms Short, now overseas aid spokeswoman, is expected to get a standing ovation from the party rank and file when she takes a number of sessions on policy during the last two days of the conference.

Ms Short promised to bring a "gleam of light and independence" to the proceedings, by ensuring that the debates and the issues she presides over are properly debated.

Under the rules of the National Executive her years on the party's supreme body ensure she will play an increasingly large role in the annual conference over the next three years.

The last conference before a general election always has to be the most tightly controlled for the three main parties — with the aim of presenting a united front to the electorate and quashing dissent and damaging squabbles whenever they rear their heads.

Hardline loyalists hit as UVF axes unit

David Sharrock

THE loyalist ceasefire came under further strain this week after the leadership of the Ulster Volunteer Force took action against some of its hardline members and "disbanded" one of its units in Portadown, Co Armagh.

The decision by the Belfast-based UVF leadership ends months of tension between them and loyalists in Mid-Ulster, some of whom took part in the Drumcree Orange parade last month. It also brings closer the potential for a split within loyalist paramilitarism and a resumption of violence by hardliners.

During the Drumcree stand-off a Catholic taxi-driver, Michael McGoldrick from Lurgan, was murdered. The UVF, the Ulster Freedom Fighters and the Red Hand Commando all denied involvement, but loyalist and RUC sources pointed the finger of suspicion at Mid-Ulster elements.

In Belfast two local journalists were read a statement by 10 armed and masked men at a secret location. The statement claiming to be from the command staff of the UVF read: "As a result of a preliminary investigation into a Portadown unit attached to the Mid-Ulster Brigade of the Ulster Volunteer Force, a decision has been taken by the command staff of the UVF to disband this unit as from August 2, 1996." It was signed Captain William Johnston and stamped with the UVF insignia — For God and Ulster.

There was no immediate response from Portadown loyalists associated with the UVF, but the prospect of a breakaway group acting outside the umbrella leadership became a more distinct possibility.

In Brief

THE Home Secretary, Michael Howard, suffered another setback when three Appeal Court judges found him guilty of a catalogue of unfairness in imposing a 15-year minimum term on the boy killers of two-year-old James Bulger.

LABOUR suspended five members of Hackney council in London, including the mayor, in an attempt to restore discipline. The clampdown followed an investigation into serious allegations against councillors.

MORE THAN 2,000 jobs will be created by a £40 million EU package to regenerate deprived areas of five British cities: Manchester, Sheffield, Nottingham and Glasgow.

THE first pictures from a £2 million inquiry into the sinking of the bulk carrier Derbyshire, which lies at a depth of 2½ miles in the Pacific Ocean, have been shown to relatives of the 44 victims.

STEVEN MITCHELL, aged 44, became the first Briton to be jailed for child abuse in the Philippines as the authorities sent warned that sex tourism would no longer be tolerated.

A WOMAN who wants one of the healthy twins she is carrying to be aborted was offered more than £50,000 to keep both her babies. The woman, aged 28, already has one child and says she cannot afford two more.

IAN HAWORTH, the head of a charity that monitors cults and self-improvement groups, has been made bankrupt by a £20,000 libel action by Landmark Education, a Californian organisation he criticised in Canada 14 years ago.

PETER McMULLEN, a former Parachute Regiment cook who deserted in Northern Ireland at the height of the Troubles, pleaded guilty to the IRA's bombing of Ripon barracks in north Yorkshire 22 years ago.

MILLIONS of telephone numbers will have to change within the next five years, only 16 months after the last revision.

POLICE investigating the murder of a British schoolgirl in France are ruling out the man who confessed to the crime after DNA tests proved he could not have carried out the attack.

THE Channel tunnel recorded its best month yet in July, transporting more than 240,000 cars and some 54,000 trucks.

GEOFF HAMILTON, cherished as a solid earth-under-the-fingernails gardener by millions of television viewers, has died at the age of 59.

Post Office loses monopoly

Seumas Milne

THE Government on Monday confirmed its intention of moving against striking public service workers with the announcement that it was lifting the Post Office's letter monopoly from midnight, as the Communication Workers' Union announced four new 24-hour postal strikes.

In a move calculated to raise the political stakes in the escalating industrial disputes in Royal Mail and the London Underground, Ian Lang, the Trade and Industry Secretary, said he was breaking the monopoly on mail costing less than £1 for a month.

He warned that if strikes continued, he would extend the suspension for a further three months.

Last week Mr Lang revealed that the Government was considering new curbs on trade unions in response to the outbreak of strikes, including the possibility of making unions financially liable for disruption to public services.

The latest announcement came after Alan Johnson, CWU general secretary, had declared that Royal Mail's refusal to reopen negotiations over its plans for American-style "teamworking" had left the union's executive " little alternative" to calling further 24-hour stoppages.

These will run from 3am to 3am on August 14, August 22, August 30 and September 2.

Post Office managers renewed their call for the CWU to put the package negotiated at the conciliation service last month — which includes a procedure to introduce teamworking through local trials — to a ballot of the membership.

In return for the exclusive state franchise the Post Office is obliged to deliver to every address in the United Kingdom at a uniform price.

Post Office managers, the unions and Opposition politicians fear that a permanent suspension would allow private firms to "cherry pick" the most profitable routes, which currently subsidise deliveries to remote areas.

The CWU believes that "teamworking" proposals — dividing local offices into competing groups, who would have to cover for each other and continuously improve performance — would mean extra work for a new basic wage of only £211 a week, set postal worker against postal worker and undermine the influence of the local union.

The response of private companies has been disappointing for the Government. Andrew Fitzmaurice, development director for the parcel carrier, TNT, said he would be delighted to take over the Post Office's delivery business, but not on a temporary basis.

● Royal Mail has shot to the top of the popularity stakes in a survey of 12 public utilities and services published this week by the National Consumer Council.

Moynihan to restore family reputation

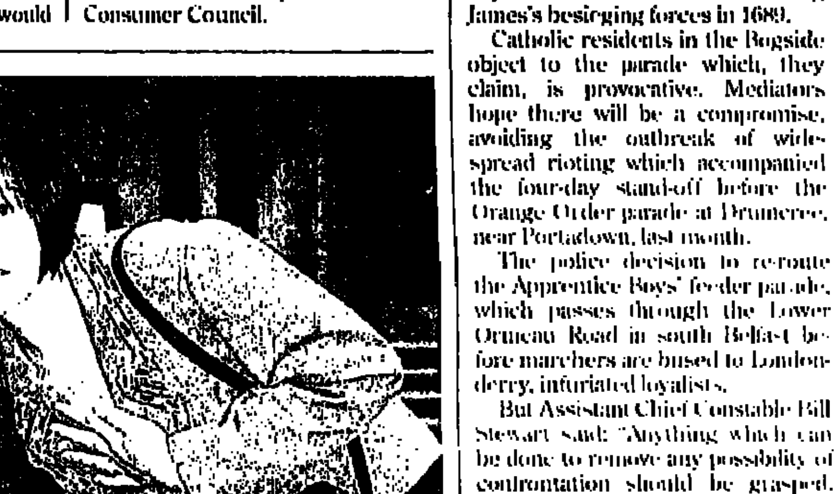
THE former Tory minister Colin Moynihan walked victorious from the High Court last week, declaring himself likely to inherit the family peerage and promising to wipe out the disgrace left by his brothel-keeping relative, Lord Moynihan, *writes John Ezard.*

"It is a very important motive for the rest of my life to restore and recover what was once a great family name," he said.

The legacy of disgrace came from the late Lord Moynihan, his half-brother, who "rollicked in deceit like a pig", according to a family friend. Mr Moynihan said: "He was one of life's bad apples."

Lord Moynihan who died in 1991, fled from Britain to the Phillppines in 1970 facing 57 charges.

The judgment de-legitimises his last child, Daniel, aged six, and annuls his marriage to the boy's Filipina mother, Jinna, his fifth wife. It leaves his fourth wife, Editha Eduarda, poised to inherit part of his British estate plus a Manila vice fortune of up to £3 million. But DNA evidence in the case led the judge, Sir Stephen Brown, to accept her son Andrew, aged six, was not fathered by Moynihan. This would disqualify him as heir to the title.



Daniel and Jinna Moynihan, aged 31, whose marriage was annulled

Mr Moynihan said the judgment made him "more, rather than less, likely" to inherit the title. He hoped for a Lords privileges committee ruling by October, in time to seek a Commons seat at the next election if he fails.

Sir Stephen annulled Editha's divorce from Moynihan at a Tunbridge Wells court in 1990. He found the peer had her signature forged on court papers and put up an elaborate, but false, pretence that he was domiciled in Britain.

Minister warns BBC about changes

Andrew Culf

THE BBC was warned on Monday that changes to the World Service should not be "cast in stone" before the Foreign Office had ensured its character and quality had been preserved.

The FO minister Jeremy Hanley said any changes introduced by the BBC before a joint working party with the Foreign Office reported next month could not be regarded as irrevocable.

"If the BBC choose to make management changes or certain appointments in that time scale, then there is the understanding that they could be reversed if the quality and the ethos of the World Service was proved to be at risk," he said.

Malcolm Rifkind, the Foreign Secretary, ordered the setting up of the working group last month after a meeting with Sir Christopher Bland, the BBC's chairman. It will assess the impact of the BBC's plan to merge the service's English language and news programmes with domestic departments.

The BBC has said that work will proceed on the changes, but implementation is not due until next April. It has already appointed senior World Service personnel to oversee the merger of news departments with BBC News, the domestic directorate.

Mr Hanley reiterated the Government's concern over the lack of consultation. "We felt that the BBC should recognise that nothing should be cast in stone before we had the opportunity to make sure that the quality and special character of the World Service had been protected."

Management was an issue for the BBC, but the Foreign Office as paymaster needed to maintain the service's quality. "There has to be the proper priority which serves our audience and not just serves the convenience of the BBC."

Readers with Internet access can follow the World Service debate on our site at: **http://www.guardian.co.uk/savebush/**

RUC orders march to be re-routed

Owen Bowcott

PROTESTANT Apprentice Boys planning to parade through a Catholic flashpoint in Belfast at the weekend have been re-routed by the police in an attempt to forestall violence 70 miles away in Londonderry.

The Royal Ulster Constabulary ban was being presented as an attempt to ease sectarian tensions and help broker a deal between loyalist marchers and nationalist residents across the province.

But community talks broke up without resolution in Londonderry on Monday where 10,000 Apprentice Boys and 180 bands are planning to walk the length of the fortified walls on Saturday for the traditional commemoration of the city's 11-month resistance to King James's besieging forces in 1689.

Catholic residents in the Bogside object to the parade which, they claim, is provocative. Mediators hope there will be a compromise, avoiding the outbreak of widespread rioting which accompanied the four-day stand-off before the Orange Order parade at Drumcree, near Portadown, last month.

The police decision to re-route the Apprentice Boys' feeder parade, which passes through the Lower Ormeau Road in south Belfast before marchers are bused to Londonderry, infuriated loyalists.

But Assistant Chief Constable Bill Stewart said: "Anything which can be done to remove any possibility of confrontation should be grasped. We hope the re-routing will be accepted by everyone concerned."

Oflot chief criticised

David Hencke

PETER DAVIS, the National Lottery regulator, made "serious errors of judgment" in accepting seven free flights on corporate jets and helicopters owned by GTech, an American company with a large stake in running the game, MPs said last week.

A highly critical report from the Commons public accounts committee says it "regards it of vital importance that the director general should be seen by the public to be completely impartial and at arm's length from the lottery operator, its shareholders and those with financial interests in them".

The MPs were "unimpressed" by Mr Davis's argument that he had accepted the free flights only after he had announced his decision to award the licence to Camelot. "The director general has a continuing responsibility to regulate the lottery."

The committee — whose questioning exposed the free trips paid by GTech for Mr Davis and his deputy, Diana Kahn — says the whole exercise was "unwise".

The MPs said they had been concerned over doubts raised about GTech's fitness to be involved in the lottery. These included suggestions of undesirable business practices by GTech in obtaining lottery contracts in the US, including alleged corrupt payments in California and New Jersey.

The menace of Mostar

A BOSNIAN CRISIS has once again put Western countries on the spot. The US president has been humiliated because of a powerful regional leader: an ultimatum has been defied, leaving mediators uncertain whether to carry it out and perhaps precipitate a wider breakdown. This time it is not Radovan Karadzic and the Bosnian Serbs who are thumbing their noses. It is the Bosnian Croats and Franjo Tudjman, president of independent Croatia whose premature recognition by Germany — followed by the European Union — was the prelude five years ago to disaster. Mr Tudjman compounded the injury by blackmailing Washington into giving him a personal interview with Bill Clinton — and then failing to deliver the goods. His 15 minutes last week in the Oval Office produced the pictures and the handshakes that feed the ego of this vain quasi-dictator. In return he was supposed to bring his Bosnian Croat protégés into line so that they would accept the result of the July elections in divided Mostar and start dismantling their self-proclaimed statelet of the "Croatian Republic of Herzeg Bosnia". Both goals are now in doubt.

The same pattern has been followed as in so many confrontations with the Bosnian Serbs and their back-door boss, President Slobodan Milosevic of Serbia. First there is apparent agreement by the principals. Then there is a mood of optimism amid reports that talks are "making progress". Finally there is despair as local clients refuse a reasonable compromise. Breakdown on a specific issue also threatens resolution of a much larger one — in this case whether the results of approaching Bosnia-wide elections will be treated with the same contempt.

As previously, it may still be possible to finesse some sort of deal at the thirteenth instead of the eleventh hour: this can be the Bosnian way of getting things agreed. But the EU's mandate will have been weakened for the future. If the issue really were the stated one of irregularities in the Mostar election, there would be agreement already. The EU offered several concessions, but at root the Croatian objection is based on a much more serious claim: the Bosnian affiliate (HDZ) of Mr Tudjman's ruling party insists that Mostar is "historically Croatian", and that it is the capital city of all Croats in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Their whole election campaign was run on the proposition that the town should remain divided on a strictly ethnic basis.

Splits among the Bosnian Croats may have intensified Croatian opposition to the election result. So may the influence of the Croatian mafia, described by the EU special envoy Sir Martin Garrod in healthily undiplomatic language as "scum" who rule by terror and must be "cleared out". But the Zagreb regime claims the glory for Croatian resurgence and must take the responsibility too. As the former EU team leader Hans Koschnick argues, US and German strategy to make Croatia their key ally in the Balkans fatally undermines pressure on the president. The goal of a properly functioning Muslim-Croat federation in Bosnia, essential to the Dayton accord, will never be achieved until Mr Tudjman himself is threatened with isolation.

Taking the tigers by their tails

WHEN murderous and corrupt leaders are brought to book — as is now happening in a Seoul courtroom — the balance of past injustice tips a little the other way. It is 16 years since hundreds died in the Kwangju massacre, which former presidents Chun Doo-hwan and Roh Tae-woo are accused of masterminding. Graft on an epic scale, funded by South Korea's giant *chaebol* conglomerates, has been around for even longer. However late, accounts must be settled before any democratic transition can be completed. With luck the fate of these two once immune powerful figures, which is likely to be decided this week, will cause Asian autocrats from Beijing to Burma to quake with apprehension.

Some kind of regional trend may begin to be discerned. The end of the cold war weakened the conventional case for Western-sponsored dictatorship and also placed into question Japan's one-party democracy. Rising living standards create new middle classes that chafe at old-fashioned repression. The downside of globalisation — a widening gap between rich and poor and expanding areas of exploitation — also leads to unrest. Voices of protest, from within these countries as well as from outside, are transmitted more clearly. Horrendous events such as the Beijing, Rangoon and Dili massacres have sensitised public opinion and the international media. The "dinosaurs" who still rule are more clearly exposed.

Yet we should be cautious about declaring an outbreak of economic and political justice across Asia. The news from Indonesia only wins headlines because the Suharto regime has remained unchallenged for so long: his critics are still vulnerable to jail and worse. The Burmese junta may have eased the pressure on itself by releasing Aung San Suu Kyi from house arrest. While hundreds of her supporters remain in prison, only a few foreign companies are thinking twice about inward investment. And in South Korea, the drive against the former presidents is not unconnected with the desire of the present incumbent, Kim Young-sam, to improve his own image, also tarnished by the receipt of *chaebol* funds.

Oppression in Asia no longer takes the invariable form of military repression: the market for juntas is diminishing. But the doctrine of neo-authoritarianism, mediated through tame political institutions, has powerful appeal. Western governments have come to terms with China's version of it. For millions of Asians, the real issues are not so much formal democracy or its absence. They are those of everyday corruption, unsafe working conditions, mounting drugs and crime, and a huge rich-poor gap. To tackle all these will require a real Asian miracle.

For New Deal, read raw deal

BILL CLINTON's promise in the 1992 presidential campaign to "end welfare as we know it" is turning out to be all too true. As the next election approaches he has bowed to a Republican Congress, signing a bill that abolishes the federal safety net set up after the Depression to protect those most at risk. Now the burden shifts from Washington to the state governments, some of whom will seize the chance to cut their own welfare programmes further. Bizarrely, the president agrees that the bill contains "serious flaws". He claims to have huddled for two and a half hours last week with members of his cabinet in an agony of indecision before deciding to sign. He describes this meeting as being "a very moving thing". The people most likely to be moved, by rage or despair, are those who will suffer as a result.

The original thrust of Mr Clinton's campaign proposal four years ago was to provide new jobs for many of those out of work and funds to enable them to be trained, so that the huge federal budget could be cut as "welfare checks were replaced with paychecks". But the bill that has now been passed cuts the welfare without guaranteeing the workfare. A progressive state such as Wisconsin may continue with its own innovative scheme while others choose not to do so. A few states may compensate for reduced federal welfare funding. Others such as California are already welcoming the chance to reduce their own budgets. There is no mandatory provision for poor families whose entitlement expires. Not surprisingly, New York City's mayor, Rudolph Giuliani — although a Republican — has been lobbying for weeks against the bill, which will further tax his already overloaded budget. Those who have run out of benefit in states with an anti-welfare philosophy will simply migrate to those which continue to provide some support. The big urban centres will become even more burdened than before. These fundamental omissions in the new system are compounded by the punitive cuts that it contains. The food stamp programme has been ripped apart, and disabled children and poor immigrants will suffer serious losses of entitlement. Mr Clinton has said he will work for the reversal of some of these cuts after he has signed the bill: his chances of success with a victorious Congress will be even lower than before.

Mr Clinton has argued that the bill is at least less bad than before: it is no longer linked to cuts in Medicare and represents a "real step forward". What it really represents, as the Washington Post said last week, is "political expediency and opportunism", with the president seeking to neutralise Bob Dole's anti-welfare pitch to the electors.

Driven to despair by NBC's schlock tactics

The push to maximise television advertising revenue meant coverage of the Atlanta Olympics was the soapiest ever. **Ian Katz** feels bilious

I COULD tell you a few things about the Centennial Olympics. I could tell you that the wife of Belarussian gymnast Vitaly Scherbo almost died in a car accident, that the US diver Mark Lenzi suffered from acute depression after winning gold in Barcelona and that 14-year-old US swimmer Amanda Beard still travels with a teddy bear.

But don't ask me who won the men's 1500m or the water polo or the hockey or the women's marathon. All I could tell you about these events is that the winner was not an American and he or she does not have a heart-rending story to tell. Otherwise they would have been on NBC.

The American television network's coverage of the Atlanta Games has left even ardent patriots secretly yearning for a return to the cold war. Forced to endure an endless succession of gauzy personal melodramas in the name of ratings, even the most sentimental devotees of American soap opera are feeling a little bilious. Leni Riefenstahl had nothing on NBC.

We always knew it was going to be tough: the first Games without the healthy counterweight of a second sporting superpower and on US soil to boot. But no one suspected it would be this bad. So exclusive has NBC's focus on US athletes been that you might deduce that the Olympic rules had been changed to require that the host nation's anthem be played at every medal ceremony regardless of the event's results.

The network's coverage of US competitors has been painful in its thoroughness. Strategically placed microphones allowed us to eavesdrop on every horribly self-conscious conversation between an athlete and his or her coach. When Kerri Strug's ruthless coach Bela Karolyi told countless interviewers that he had asked the hobbled gymnast whether she could manage one more vault, we knew he was fibbing. We had heard him bellow at her: "Shake it out! You can do it!"

In the Olympics according to NBC, the rest of the world assumed the proportions of a lilliputian supporting cast, the hapless Washington Generals to America's Harlem Globetrotters. Frequently, non-US athletes were not even extended this privilege: when Michael Johnson won the first leg of his historic double last week, a full five minutes passed before the commentator deigned even to mention the names of the silver and bronze medallists. Never mind that the real race was always going to be for second place, or that Britain's Roger Black had just run the 400m of his life — there was only one American story here.

One way that foreigners could edge their way into NBC's Olympic soap was by surmounting a number of suitably telegenic tribulations, preferably ones that underlined the unpleasantness of America's former cold war enemies. Thus Ana Quirot, the Cuban 800-metre star badly burned while washing her hair with alcohol, was the subject on one of the network's soft-focus profiles, the narrator observing that "whatever you think of her politics" you had to admire her courage.

Similarly, John Tesh, whose day job is to present one of the more fatuous tabloid entertainment television shows, gravely related how the Russian gymnast Roza Galiyeva had to pretend to be injured when her coach replaced her in the all-round competition at the Barcelona Games. "Galiyeva was a victim of the Soviet system," observed Tesh. "Medals meant honour. What was fair was not even discussed."

NBC's coverage was co-ordinated by its sports chief, Dick Ebersol, who relied on the theories of his research director, Nicholas Schiavone, to target women viewers. For Schiavone, women approach sports "from the inside out", via empathy with characters, not results; they want "not sports but stories about sports". Perhaps rashly, he told the New Yorker that "with apologies to Jane Austen, our version of the Olympics is about sense and sensibility".

In practice, NBC's Olympics was closer to an especially schlocky mini-series, with viewers forced to endure the faux solemnity of Bob Costas, a man who would be insincere at his own funeral ("only in our dreams can we play with the angels and dance on air", he intoned, introducing the diving) between bouts of canned pseudo-live action and gloopy athlete profiles. But the network has been rewarded with dream ratings. During the first 11 nights of coverage, a full 43 per cent of American households sat glued to the Olympics, 24 per cent up on the Barcelona Games ratings and four times the share of its nearest competitor, ABC.

MOST satisfying of all for Ebersol and Schiavone, the injection of daytime chat show values into sports broadcasting delivered the right audience. During the first week, in which Ms Strug and her telegenic team-mates dominated NBC's coverage, 50 per cent of viewers were women, 35 per cent men and 15 per cent children.

By last week there were signs of a backlash. "I am watching the Olympic Games on NBC, and I am gagging," wrote Washington Post commentator Charles Krauthammer, lamenting "the unbearable, indeed shameful, chauvinism of the coverage". The New York Times was concerned with the deception of passing off taped events as live — all so they could be fitted into the rousing NBC script (first meet poor Mark Lenzi, grappling with post-Olympic depression; now watch him fight his way back to greatness. After the break).

Not that such carping will dampen the high spirits at NBC. Ratings showed no sign of slipping last week, and advertisers are pleased as punch. Even better, the network has a contract to televise the Games until 2008. Pierre de Coubertin, the instigator of the modern games, must be spinning in his grave.

Exposed: the Swiss trail of Nazi gold

The Allies let Switzerland keep a hoard of looted gold in 1945. Jewish groups now want it back. **Martin Walker** reports

THESE days, 100 tons of pure gold is worth more than $1 billion. It depends on the price set each day at the Zurich gold market. And the Swiss ought to know.

They took in 100 tons of gold from Nazi Germany in 1943 alone, knowing perfectly well that it was stolen. It came mostly from the vaults of conquered banks, and some of it was ripped from the teeth of the dead in the concentration camps.

In the course of the second world war, the Swiss banks took in some 360 tons of Nazi gold.

That is one stunning fact from a cascade of documents which has been de-classified from the US National Archives over the past two months. Because of these papers, much of the conventional history of the second world war and its aftermath will have to be re-written.

From the central banks and commercial banks and art galleries and jewellers' shops across Europe, from the safe deposit boxes and from the estates of the doomed Jews, the Nazis pillaged the wealth of the Continent.

They then sent it to the Swiss — for laundering, for converting into foreign investments and purchases and for safe-keeping. Enough of the money stuck to become, for the Swiss, an extraordinary financial bonanza.

The total sum of German plunder that went through Switzerland was greater than the country's annual gross domestic product.



By the end of the war Swiss banks, in breach of the rules of neutrality, had handled millions of dollars worth of gold seized by the Nazis

On April 1, 1945, as Adolf Hitler took to the Berlin bunker that became his grave and the Reich crumbled around him, "The Swiss agreed with the Germans to accept another 3,000 kilos of gold for use against 'diplomatic services'," according to Aubouin, general manager of BIS.

BIS was, and still is, the Bank of International Settlements. Three thousand kilos is worth about $36 million. That quote comes from a telegram sent direct to the US secretary of state in Washington from the American legation in Berne. More than 51 years after it was sent, the telegram was finally de-classified by the Americans in April this year.

The legation, run by Allen Dulles, the legendary future boss of the Central Intelligence Agency, was the main centre of American espionage in Europe. One of its main jobs was to track the economic sinews of the Nazi state, which to an extraordinary degree, meant its use of the Swiss banking system.

Immediately after its de-classification, a photocopy of that same cable was pushed across a table at the offices of the Swiss Bankers' Association in Berne by a tall, slim man with piercing blue eyes, and a rakish fondness for wearing panama hats.

His name is Israel Singer. As secretary general of the World Jewish Congress (WJC) he proceeded to tell the assembled Swiss bankers what he intended to do to them unless they came clean about the way their predecessors had handled the Nazi loot.

Beside him sat Edgar Bronfman, the heir to the vast Seagram fortune, new owner of the MCA-Universal studio, but also chairman of the WJC. Bronfman was determined to get some money to the impoverished remaining Jews of eastern Europe while they were alive to enjoy it.

Singer and Bronfman were quietly furious. Ever since 1945, the Swiss had a way of brushing aside inquiries, and in particular of fending off the heirs of Jewish customers.

In 1946, to get their assets in the US and Britain unfrozen, the Swiss paid 250 million Swiss francs. At roughly $60 million, it was a modest enough price to get the victorious Allies off their backs.

In 1962, the Swiss had announced they had found 961 accounts which had belonged to Jewish clients, containing a total of 7.5 million Swiss francs. This was returned, along with a 2 million franc donation to Swiss Jewish communities.

In 1988, in response to another wave of pressure, the Union Bank announced a $40 million donation to the International Red Cross, that totem of Swiss neutrality, notable for its failure to speak out against the Holocaust. "It was a gift from those who did not own, to those who did not deserve it," said Singer.

In February, the Swiss came up with another unilateral payment, of $31.9 million, to fend off the latest campaign from Bronfman and Singer. This time, the Swiss underestimated the competition.

Bronfman went to the White House and got President Clinton's public show of support. Then he and Singer went to New York Republican Senator Alfonse D'Amato, chairman of the Senate banking committee, who promised to hold public hearings into the Swiss loot.

Then with more political pressure, the comptroller of the city of New York, who influences some $30 billion in pension funds, wrote to the Swiss Bankers' Association to suggest their reputation as a fit and proper place for international funds was in question.

Discreetly, the Swiss were told through diplomatic channels that the Clinton administration was prepared to smile on any private law suits brought against their banks in US courts.

THEN, as Senator D'Amato scheduled his hearings, Elan Steinberg of the World Jewish Congress in New York reported that his team of researchers had hit gold in the National Archives. They had come across the files of something called Operation Safehaven, the Allied probe into the fate of the Nazi loot.

There was so much material, more than 100,000 files, that he called in extra researchers from the Holocaust museum. It went far beyond the laundered gold, and even beyond the $600 million in 1945 dollars that US Intelligence reckoned that the Germans had stashed away in Switzerland.

There was evidence that the Swiss had allowed the Nazis to use the diplomatic pouch of the International Red Cross, and that the Swiss had helped launder securities stolen from the vaults of the British-owned Westminster bank in Paris.

Above all, there was the first real evidence, in a French Deuxième Bureau intelligence report that came from the files of General Eisenhower's HQ, that one of the great legends of the war had been real.

At the source of countless novels and several films, from The Odessa File to The Boys From Brazil, lies the claim that there had been a secret plot to arrange the funding and secure the rebirth of Nazism after Hitler's defeat.

There it was, including the names of the executives from Krupp, Rheinmetall, Brown-Boveri, Messerschmitt, Volkswagenwerk, and SS Obergruppenführer General Doktor Scheid. The meeting took place at the Hotel Rotes Haus in Strasbourg on August 10, 1944.

"From now on, German industry must realise that the war cannot be won and it must take steps in preparation for a post-war commercial campaign," General Scheid began.

"Existing financial reserves in foreign countries must be placed at the disposal of the [Nazi] party so that a strong German Empire can be created after the defeat."

These were the documents packed into Israel Singer's briefcase as he confronted the Swiss bankers. Most of them were still stamped "secret". One by one, he laid them on the table.

One of his favourites came from a de-briefing by US intelligence agents of Dr Landwehr, who during the war had been director of the foreign exchange department of the Reich economics ministry. By 1946, he was living in the Soviet sector of Berlin, working for the Berlin city government.

The report says: "Dr Landwehr estimates that, all in all, the sum of German assets which passed into Switzerland amounted to at least 15 billion Reichsmarks. Landwehr dismissed with an ironic smile the Swiss estimate of 1 billion RM. I could not conceal my astonishment and asked him to explain this amount."

Dr Landwehr proceeded to spell out the way in which this had been done, from direct sales of gold, through more complex ways to get around the neutrality rules. His conclusion was clear: "Whereas all the neutral countries, out of consideration to their laws of neutrality, had refused to accept gold ('Goldbestanden') from the Reichsbank, Switzerland carried on gold transactions with the Reichsbank until the beginning of 1945."

Then Singer laid down his trump card, a series of cable intercepts. The cables had been sent from Crédit Suisse and the Swiss Banking Corporation to banks in Madrid, Lisbon, Shanghai, Stockholm, Istanbul and Tokyo.

The cables had all been sent in the course of 1944. They were proof not only that the Swiss banks were breaking the rules for neutrals laid down by the US and British authorities. They were also breaking the Swiss government's own code of conduct for banking in war time.

This meant they could expect no legal protection even in Switzerland. Moreover, while every other piece of evidence from British and US intelligence could be dismissed as hearsay by the lawyers, the cable intercepts were hard proof.

The two biggest banks in Switzerland were acting as a gigantic money-laundering operation, for funds from banks in Hungary and Romania and other parts of Europe occupied by the Germans, and acting as the Nazis' international bankers.

At that point, the Swiss caved in. For the first time, they agreed to grant outside researchers "unfettered access" to their account books and files, and to establish a joint commission with the WJC to track down and restore the Jewish funds.

But beyond that basic and belated justice, there is a deeper accounting to be made. The evidence from Operation Safehaven suggests that something of the order of 15 billion Reichsmarks was banked, invested, moved and laundered through Swiss banks. That was the equivalent of 3 per cent of the America's GDP in 1944. To put this into today's terms, 3 per cent of America's GDP is $200 billion, which is more than the entire GDP of Switzerland. Allow for interest, compounded over 50 years, and the value of that Nazi loot that went through Switzerland moves into the region of a trillion dollars.

The immediate questions concern the whereabouts of the money and how much of it the World Jewish Council can legitimately demand on behalf of the heirs of Europe's slaughtered Jews.

There are two further nagging questions. How did the Swiss manage to keep the scale of their co-operation quiet for so long? And why did Britain and the US let them get away with it?

The treasure trove of National Archive documents comes almost wholly from Allied sources, from



Israel Singer: fighting the Swiss for the return of Jewish money

intelligence and diplomatic reports, and from the well-informed but little known intelligence arm of the US Treasury.

In June 1941, five months before the US entered the war, Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau had sent a covert team of Treasury agents into the offices of the main Swiss banks in New York, and obtained a full list of their clients and all their holdings, cash and securities. It is five inches thick.

The Allies knew how long, and how closely, and how lucratively, the Swiss had worked with the Nazis. Even when the British and Americans settled in 1946 for the 250 million Swiss francs in compensation, they knew the real sums involved were 50 to 100 times greater.

"It's just speculation, but there was a vast American slush fund created in Europe at this time to start waging the cold war, the money to swing the Italian elections, to stop the Communists in Western Europe," said Mr Steinberg. "Maybe that was the deal, that the Swiss paid out some of the Jews' money to fight the cold war. Who knows? But that money went somewhere. And a lot of it belongs to Jewish people. And we are going to get it back."

Bridging the North-South divide

Global equality is central to the next phase of industrial revolution, argues **Larry Elliott**

AS THE millennium approaches, it is obvious that the two great and unavoidable economic challenges of the 21st century will be sustaining the global environment and alleviating global poverty.

The common assumption is that these challenges will be spawned by a world economy that continues to underperform. But this view is based on the experience of the past not the future, when the global economy is at last set to change for the better.

Looking back across the 200-odd years of modern capitalism, each phase of industrialisation was driven by one dominant technology — steam power, the railways, electricity, the internal combustion engine. Although the pattern has not been uniform the world economy has tended to undulate through long cycles of around 50-60 years, with one technology becoming exhausted and replaced.

But the new paradigm does not arrive overnight. There is often a period when the old technology is on its way out but the new has yet to fulfil its potential. The first motor cars, for example, were produced at the end of the 19th century, but to get the most from the technology there was a need for roads, the Fordist method of production and the drift to the suburbs.

It is clear that information technology will be the driving force behind the next wave, and over the next 20 years the full benefits of the computer age will become apparent. The boom dominated by the Internet generation will be bolstered by two other changes: the geographic revolution that will bring the huge markets of the former communist world into the global economy and the entry of women into the workforce in ever-increasing numbers.

In the past, some of the boom phases of the long cycle lasted longer than others, and one key factor behind the longevity of the upswing is the policy stance. The strength and duration of the postwar boom, for example, was helped by expansionist macro-economic policies, the far-sightedness of the Marshall aid programme and a political culture in which narrowing the gulf between rich and poor was seen as important.

To make sure the next long cycle lasts as long as the Golden Age, the West will need to rediscover that policy formula. Central banks and finance ministries must recognise that inflation is no longer the enemy it once was, the International Monetary Fund should show to Russia the generosity the Americans once accorded to western Europe and, above all, resources should be shifted from rich to poor and from North to South.



The need for redistribution should not be underestimated. A recent paper in the Economic Journal by Danny Quah, of the London School of Economics, shows that the global economy is polarising into rich and poor countries. Contrary to traditional analyses, there is no guarantee that the poor countries will gradually converge with rich ones.

Without direct and prompt action, this trend is likely to accelerate. Those who point to the success of the "tiger" economies of East Asia as examples of nations that have pulled themselves up by their bootstraps conveniently forget that the policies which underpinned rapid development — interventionist industrial policies and protectionism — are outlawed by the new economic orthodoxy. Moreover, the sheer cost of the physical infrastructure necessary for the computer age — terminals, software, fibre-optic networks and so on — is likely to widen the gulf between rich and poor.

The UN recognises that this problem has to be addressed. Richard Jolly, principal author of the human development report noted: "Policy-makers are often mesmerised by the quantity of growth. They need to be more concerned with its quality and to take timely action to prevent growth that is lopsided and flawed."

The UN cited five damaging forms of growth — that which does not translate into jobs, that which is not matched by the spread of democracy, that which snuffs out separate cultural identities, that which despoils the environment, and growth where most of the benefits are seized by the rich.

This last is what the UN calls ruthless growth. It is what leads to street kids being exterminated in Latin America and children going without proper education or medical care in sub-Saharan Africa. If it continues unopposed, the famines, the civil wars, the waves of migration and the environmental degradation of the past two decades will be as nothing to what will occur in the first 20 years of the 21st century.

SO WHAT should be done? The most basic reform is to provide decent education to every child. In 1960, South Korea and Pakistan had the same per-capita incomes, but Pakistan had primary school enrolment of 30 per cent, South Korea 94 per cent. Today, South Korea's GDP per head is three times that of Pakistan.

Although such a programme would require serious amounts of cash, there are two obvious sources. The first would be a tax on pollution in the West, beginning with a carborne tax to cut down on greenhouse gases. The second would be to press ahead with the idea, floated by James Tobin, of a transactions tax on foreign exchange speculation.

Both ideas have struggled to make headway, not least because the rich and powerful — who would be the big losers — have mounted a vigorous defence of their privileged position. But, as Professor Tobin noted in the foreword to a recent book, The Tobin Tax (published by OUP), most of the opposition is groundless. If the financial sector is so cost-conscious that a 0.25 per cent transactions tax would cause it to up sticks and head for the Cayman Islands, one may ask why it has not done so already.

On any objective basis, the developing world could make better use of 0.25 per cent of the $1 trillion a day-plus passing through the foreign exchanges than do Western financial institutions. Providing some form of global fiscal mechanism would also put democratic fetters on freebooting international capitalism.

Ultimately, the rich West has a choice. It can make some modest sacrifices that would allow the developing world to take a fair share of rising global prosperity. Or it can insist, as Neville Chamberlain once said of Czechoslovakia, that the developing world is a faraway place of which we know nothing. In that case, it must face the near-certainty that global poverty, insecurity and ecological disaster will truncate the upswing for which we have waited so long.

CBI keeps lid on report into low wages

Richard Thomas

RESEARCH showing Britain's lowest-paid workers sliding deeper into poverty is being kept under wraps by the Confederation of British Industry for fear it will fuel demands for a minimum wage.

With the employers' organisation anxious about Labour's plans for a floor under wages, senior CBI figures have blocked the publication of internal data showing that some of Britain's most vulnerable workers have suffered pay cuts over the past two years.

Worsening conditions in cleaning, hotels and catering pushed up the number of people earning less than £2.40 ($3.70) an hour by more than 20 per cent between 1994 and 1995, the CBI research shows.

Some CBI staff argued privately that the data should be made public, to demonstrate the higher cost and consequent additional job losses which could be associated with minimum wages — and reinforce the CBI's long-held opposition to state intervention in the labour market.

But senior staff are concerned that publishing the research could backfire, by provoking more concern about the problem of low pay. The research has been seen by Adair Turner, the CBI director general.

One CBI source said: "At first it was thought we could make a big song and dance about how many people would be laid off. But then we thought the opposite effect might be achieved. Basically, the politics were too scary."

John Cridland, the CBI's head of employment policy, admitted the research had been carried out, but said it was being kept quiet until the causes of the deterioration had been identified.

Meanwhile Gillian Shephard, the Employment and Education Secretary, has blocked plans for a new monthly measure of unemployment that could paint a gloomier picture of job prospects.

Government statisticians are pushing for introduction of a household survey-based count of joblessness alongside the dole queue yardstick, which only captures people eligible for benefits.

But Mrs Shephard is concerned the proposed measure would tarnish the Conservative record on job creation in the run-up to polling day.

FOREIGN EXCHANGES

	Sterling rates August 5	Sterling rates July 29
Australia	1.9959-1.9984	1.9766-1.9787
Austria	16.10-16.13	16.22-16.23
Belgium	47.16-47.26	47.52-47.55
Canada	2.1224-2.1254	2.1376-2.1389
Denmark	8.84-8.86	8.90-8.90
France	7.77-7.79	7.82-7.82
Germany	2.2886-2.2919	2.3062-2.3077
Hong Kong	11.93-11.94	12.04-12.05
Ireland	0.9588-0.9606	0.9618-0.9630
Italy	2,339-2,343	2,376-2,376
Japan	164.52-164.79	168.54-168.69
Netherlands	2.5673-2.5706	2.5891-2.5907
New Zealand	2.2578-2.2615	2.2413-2.2436
Norway	9.88-9.90	9.92-9.94
Portugal	234.95-235.57	237.24-237.47
Spain	194.37-194.67	196.32-196.43
Sweden	10.19-10.21	10.23-10.25
Switzerland	1.8556-1.8584	1.8797-1.8817
USA	1.5436-1.5448	1.5577-1.5582
ECU	N/A-N/A	1.2260-1.2266

FTSE100 Share Index up 109.6 at 3788.2. FTSE 250 Index up 82.0 at 4288.4. Gold up $6.50 at $390.00.

USAir blocks British Airways-AA alliance

Guardian Reporters

AMERICAN airline USAir has demanded that partner British Airways resign from its board and sell its stake in the company.

The move follows the company's filing of a lawsuit in New York at the end of last month seeking to block the proposed alliance between BA and American Airlines.

USAir said that the alliance breached the terms of a 1993 agreement between BA and USAir and would allow the companies to dominate the North Atlantic market. Chairman Steven Wolf said the alliance violated American anti-trust laws and the lawsuit "advances and underscores the absolute determination of USAir to become a viable competitor".

USAir wants BA to sell the 24.6 per cent stake it has built up over the last three years.

BA has three directors on USAir's board. None of them was warned that that the airline was going to take legal action against them.

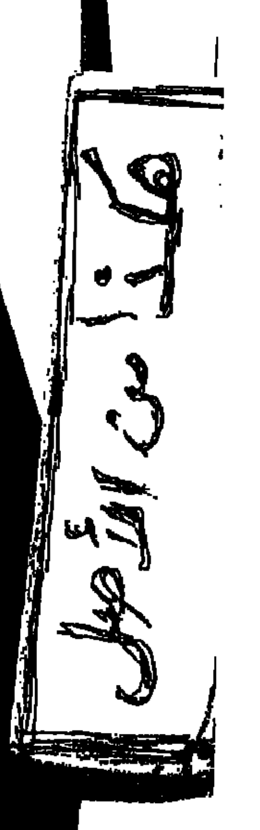
AA said it was "astonished and mystified" by the lawsuit. It, too, had received no communication from USAir. It asserted that the alliance protected USAir's "rights in every way and is extraordinarily pro-competitive". AA said that it would only proceed with the alliance with BA if it was approved by the US departments of justice and transportation.

Richard Branson, who heads Virgin Atlantic, and has lodged official complaints to the British and American governments about the proposed alliance, was delighted at the lawsuit.

"The logic of USAir that the deal is anti-competitive is no surprise," he said, adding that if BA's partner was saying this, then every regulatory authority in Europe and America could only draw the same conclusion.

USAir abandoned its operations from the US east coast to the UK as a condition of its deal with BA in 1993. If it broke away from BA, USAir would probably try to fly to the UK in competition with BA-AA — with operations into Heathrow airport from its strongest US east coast cities, Pittsburgh, Charlotte and Boston.

● The City failed to be excited by news of an 11.1 per cent rise in BA's first-quarter pre-tax profits. Shares ended Monday 6.5p down at 534p as investors worried about possible US litigation.



The Washington Post

Relatives Call Shots in Disaster Inquiry

Dale Russakoff in East Moriches, New York

IT WAS a simple request from parents who had lost a daughter in the crash of Trans World Airlines Flight 800. They wanted a final moment with their little girl. But like so much else in the crash's aftermath — the search for evidence and bodies, the politics of grief — their wish launched a journey into uncharted territory.

Tom Shepardson, a funeral director aiding the Suffolk County medical examiner, reviewed photographs of the girl's disfigured body. Seeing her remains would magnify, not soothe, her parents' grief. Then he noticed her hands: almost intact. Shepardson arranged for the body to be fully wrapped, with only the right hand exposed. Later that day, the parents sat for two hours beside their daughter, holding her hand, consoling each other, unspeakably thankful for this last contact with their child.

In the two weeks since Flight 800 exploded, new frontiers have been crossed not only in the realm of human emotions but also in difficult issues of law enforcement, politics and the logistics of mass disaster as the country comes to grips with what appears to have been the largest-ever terrorist attack within its borders.

The plane had crashed into a no man's land, an ocean depth where both bodies and evidence are retrievable, but just barely. Within hours, the victims' families had become a cohesive force, mirroring political power developed over several years by families devastated by the 1988 bombing of Pan Am Flight 103.

These developments created unprecedented tension between the search for bodies and the search for evidence, with distraught family members accusing investigators of forsaking loved ones for airplane parts, President Clinton traveling to New York to assure mourners that recovering bodies is Priority One and investigators saying frankly that the trade-off has been a delay in discovering what or who caused the crash. All but 2 percent of the plane remains on the ocean floor.

"I can't remember there ever being a recovery problem like this one," said Ross Zumwalt, president of the National Association of Medical Examiners, which studies mass disasters. "This depth is right at the limit of diving capacity and technology, so you have a choice. If you focus on the grief of families, you bring up bodies. If you look at the safety of the whole community, maybe it's more important to solve the puzzle and then get the bodies. My reading is that as a country, we'd rather attend first to people's grief."

The crash of Flight 800 — with 230 people on board — also has featured politicians in more prominent roles than any other airplane disaster, acting as victims' advocates. They have done what politicians do best — bending a vast investigative apparatus to the needs of the helpless — but the cacophony of politicians' voices also helped make an already daunting investigation that much more so.

"No one's against compassion, but sometimes it can be dangerous, and it can distract the safety board from its core mission," said Jim Burnett, former chairman of the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB), which heads the crash investigation. "Families are removed from their best solace — their own families and friends — and in their place they have politicians for their support group, which can inflame everything."

From the beginning, families were protected from learning the hideous condition of the victims' bodies, which defied human imagination. When a young Coast Guard officer recoiled in horror from the human debris in the Atlantic Ocean, a wizened Suffolk County cop embraced him and counseled: "Try not to think of them as people." When grieving relatives asked the medical examiner for their loved ones' jewelry and clothing, the grim answer in most cases was: There is no jewelry. There is no clothing.

The airplane too is in worse shape than investigators had hoped, vastly complicating the search for clues, which still has yielded no conclusive evidence of a bomb — or any other cause. It is a soup of cables, mangled metal and body parts mired in silt under 120 feet of dark ocean. The best-trained U.S. Navy divers, descending in shifts round the clock, have become entangled in wires and razor-edged debris. And at a hangar where the Boeing 747 is being painstakingly reassembled, even Boeing engineers are at times unsure which shard of plane goes where.

"This is a wreck, this is not an airplane down there," NTSB vice chairman Robert Francis said the other day, struggling to convey the plane's shattered condition to questioners familiar with whole ones.

PARIS-BOUND Flight 800 disappeared from radar at about 8:31pm on July 17. By 9pm, a cellular phone was ringing in a van carrying Republican New York Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani home from a meeting. An aide had heard a rumor of a crash "right outside" of John F. Kennedy International Airport. Instantly, Giuliani was on two of his van's four phones mobilizing city police, divers, emergency workers and counselors for families he was certain would converge on JFK.

By midnight, more than 60 shell-shocked people had gathered. Angry that TWA officials withheld the passenger list for 18 hours, Giuliani shared with families an unofficial list, warning that nothing was confirmed.

By morning, Republican New York Gov. George E. Pataki was there too. He had spent most of the night at the U.S. Coast Guard's grisly salvage operation, witnessing indescribable carnage. The ocean was aflame with jet fuel and — bobbing amid the waves — he saw everything from plane innards to a child's teddy bear. Now, he faced the friends and families.

"It was so hard," Pataki said. "One of the first people I met was the father of an 11-year-old girl who was just going off to study French. My 11-year-old daughter had just come back from studying French. I was so aware of the tremendous exuberance and happiness my daughter felt when she came back and talked to us in a few words of French, and I tried to think of how tragic it must be that this father will not have that joy with his daughter again."

The emotional bonds made politicians unusually responsive to the families. But a volatile dynamic was in progress. Only in recent years have families come *en masse* to crash sites, and this was the largest and most vocal gathering ever. In news conferences beamed out across the world, they declared their anger at the medical examiner's slow pace, at the Navy for its painstaking search. They demanded bodies, not the black boxes investigators seemed so eager to find. Politicians took up their cause.

Aviation safety specialists say that the trend of families and politicians converging at crash sites creates demands for instant answers when, in fact, these investigations demand outsized patience, arduous analysis and openness to all conclusions for months, even years.

Safety purists winced when NTSB chairman Jim Hall deputized a top NTSB official, Peter Goelz, as a liaison to families. (More than 150 of them took up indefinite residence at three JFK hotels.) Goelz arranged for Francis to brief families daily, a first-ever development.

"The families did become more of a political force and they should have," said Giuliani, who lost two friends in the crash. "Some of the issues and abuses they face will now get solved." The first body to arrive at Suffolk County Medical Examiner Charles Wetli's office was numbered 5,000, in accordance with a plan prepared for just such a disaster. But little else in the plan was easy to implement. The bodies had fallen three miles, collided with airplane parts, passed through flames, and landed with force that drove thigh bones through pelvises, and spines through skulls.

The work of fingerprinting, photographing, X-raying and performing autopsies demanded not only technical feats but also vast emotional strength.

"Imagine your worst horror movie. Then make it real," said a forensic dentist who was visibly shaking during a break.

"Of the first 100 cases, a detective tabulated how many were viewable" by a relative or friend, Wetli said in an interview. "It was less than 10."

Wetli said he knew he would need extra help, but elected to establish a smooth process with his own staff before adding people or shifts. As a result, for the first three days autopsies were performed 12 hours a day rather than 24. After two full days, only five bodies were identified; few dental X-rays or fingerprints had yet been supplied by families. But the families, desperate to retrieve their loved ones' remains, were furious.

Four days after the crash, Wetli's office went round-the-clock, with help from technicians and pathologists supplied by Pataki. Wetli pointed out, however, that his staff had processed the first 100 corpses within 90 hours. By last Thursday night, 184 bodies pulled from the ocean were identified.

FOR FOUR days after Flight 800 crashed, high-tech ships operated by the Navy and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration combed hundreds of miles of ocean back and forth, systematically overlapping each swath, before finding the first major debris field.

Although bodies were the official priority, the ships were not looking for bodies. Their sonar could detect nothing as small as a body, only wreckage. But officials said such a search was sure to find bodies.

From the outside, some families concluded that loved ones were being left callously on the ocean floor. Where were the recovery ships and the divers? Why only search vessels? Sen. Alfonse D'Amato, R-New York, became their advocate, attacking Capt. Raymond McCord, head of the Navy's diving and salvage office, who had said — accurately — during the search phase that the Navy was deploying its maximum resources.

When D'Amato made his accusation, Navy divers already were descending into the newly mapped debris field. They returned with horrific videos and reports of decomposing bodies and body parts, enmeshed with airplane debris. Not only were investigators sickened, they also knew that disentangling bodies and evidence from the ocean and each other would be more daunting than anyone was braced for.

"We are actually going foot by foot searching for bodies," said James Kallstrom, assistant FBI director and head of the bureau's investigation. "The scene is very chaotic, very confusing," he said.

On the Tuesday after the crash, Pataki announced that divers had told him of "dozens and dozens" of bodies underwater. He expected the news would give hope to families, who were desperate to have a body to say goodbye to, and at last begin grieving. But the hopes crashed that night when Francis announced that in fact Pataki was mistaken. The awful truth was that, given search conditions and decomposition, no one knew how many bodies were there, or how long it would take to raise them

THE FAMILIES' public anguish now had such momentum that Clinton himself decided to address it. No president ever had visited a crash site with an investigation underway.

But after dispatching the Federal Emergency Management Agency director James Lee Witt to New York to assess the problem Clinton felt that the families' distrust of investigators — fanned by politicians in New York — threatened the probe's credibility. White House Chief of Staff Leon Panetta agreed.

Clinton was scheduled to stay 45 minutes. Instead he stayed three hours, talking to each family separately. He promised three times that retrieving bodies would take absolute precedence over wreckage, recalled Richard Penzer, whose sister Judy, a muralist, died in the crash. In the name of restoring trust, wreckage would have to wait.

The issue is becoming moot as more and more bodies are identified and major amounts of evidence wait to be raised. "It's probably not realistic to feel that we're going to recover every single person who was on that airplane," Francis said the other day. "Those folks understand that."

Americans have come to expect instant solutions to grievous crimes. It took 2¼ days to crack the World Trade Center bombing in 1990. Timothy McVeigh was arrested two days after the 1993 bombing of the Oklahoma City federal building.

But Flight 800 is different. In two weeks, criminal investigators have interviewed almost 1,800 people, including witnesses who saw the jetliner explode, JFK employees who had contact with it, officials of companies with cargo on it. Gumshoes are pursuing leads through Interpol, Scotland Yard and throughout the Middle East. But so far, there is no crime to investigate, much less a suspect. Even if bomb evidence is found, it would take months to determine what kind of bomb, what detonated it and more.

The investigation remains figuratively and literally underwater. Perhaps this is what Kallstrom anticipated the day after the crash when he promised, "We'll get to the bottom of this," then added, "whatever the bottom is."

Workers guide wreckage from the crashed TWA plane on to a truck at Shinnecock Coast Guard station, New York PHOTO: MARK LENNIHAN

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GUARDIAN WEEKLY
August 11 1996

Media Take Law Into Their Own Hands

OPINION
Edwin M. Yoder, Jr.

SOMETIMES, these confusing days, the story itself is the story. That is the case, and it is disturbing, with the FBI's suspicions of an Olympic security guard named Richard Jewell in connection with the July 27 pipe bombing at Centennial Olympic Park in Atlanta. In England, Jewell would at worst be described as "assisting in police inquiries." In Atlanta, he's on trial by publicity.

But is he even a suspect? The FBI says not, though it conducted a 11-hour search of Jewell's apartment and a mountain cabin he once used, and is leaking massively to the press about him. Jewell's lawyer says "if he's being searched, he's a suspect." The Fourth Amendment says that "no [search] warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause." Is there probable cause here?

It was Jewell who found the knapsack containing the three pipe bombs in the park and warned spectators away from it. He was still nearby when one of the bombs exploded, spraying nails and screws over a wide radius. So if he did the deed he is that rare bomber who didn't mind being blown up or injured with his victims.

And if his was the voice who called 911 from a pay phone some blocks away with a warning 23 minutes before the explosion, how was he in two places at once? And how, by the way, did he disguise his distinctive drawl? In whodunits, the least likely suspect routinely turns out to be the villain. But do such improbabilities exist outside the imaginations of Conan Doyle and Agatha Christie?

Bob Costas, NBC's master of ceremonies for the Olympic broadcasts, raised the right issue when suspicions of Jewell were published in an extra by the Atlanta Journal and Constitution and quickly blared to the world on television and radio (another instance of the pernicious tendency to take one medium's reporting of a rumor as sufficient authority for repeating it).

For the sake of argument, said Costas to NBC anchorman Tom Brokaw, what if Jewell is innocent? Brokaw scoffed that "sources" all over were assuring NBC and its reporters that the FBI had its man. But then why not arrest him? Costas persisted. Easy, said Brokaw, with the air of correcting a child, the FBI likes to "sweat" a suspect. Certainly Richard Jewell is being "sweated."

As time passes, Costas' civilized reservations look more and more acute. Despite the finger-pointing, the FBI says it has no hard evidence against Jewell and declines to arrest him. He came to police attention only when a former employer called to say that Jewell had been "overzealous" when working as a security guard at Piedmont College. Jewell, it turned out, had had a scrape or two with the law, once for impersonating a law officer. Faceless sources continued to say that Jewell fits the "profile" of heroic fantasists who do mischief for publicity.

Whether or not Jewell is ever charged, this is a shocking and shabby business. The nastiness of the crime might extenuate though not excuse such official behavior except that more and more, the FBI's hand, or that of its agents, turns up in behavior ranging from unprofessional to bizarre.

I have in mind the leaks of prejudicial allegations about the Unabomber and the Oklahoma City case; the trash book in which a sometime FBI liaison at the White House reported unsubstantiated rumors about the president's private life; the casual furnishing of FBI files to gumshoes in the White House personnel security office; and the apparent fabrications by an FBI agent concerning what he was told at the White House about who recommended hiring the disgraced personnel security director, Craig Livingstone, and why.

Those who approve of casual defamation on the basis of "profiles" and "circumstantial evidence" should imagine themselves in Jewell's shoes. Official villification has degraded his life into a spectacle from which he may not recover. And embarrassingly, the law's naughty accomplices are colleagues in the media who volunteer to be conveyor belts for self-publicizing investigators.

I have no idea where the truth lies, but if Jewell has been tried by publicity for a crime of which he is guiltless, he ought to have some legal recourse. I would resent as a taxpayer having to ante up my share of the damages, but he would deserve every penny.



Richard Jewell, the Centennial Park security guard at the centre of the Atlanta bombing investigations: He says he was not involved

In Brief

THE House of Representatives voted to declare English the official language of the U.S. government for the first time, plunging into a debate that pits competing American traditions of diversity of cultures and unity of language.

The measure, passed on a 259 to 169 vote that largely followed party lines, would require the federal government to conduct its official business in English, ending the current practice of printing some documents in languages other than English to help those for whom English is a second language.

Asian and Hispanic activists condemned the measure as punitive. Cecilia Muñoz, of the National Council of La Raza, called the measure "unnecessary and dangerous." She said: "The English language in the United States is not in jeopardy. . . . It is being done for the sake of symbolism and . . . of trying to earn cheap political points."

A FEDERAL jury in Little Rock, Arkansas, cleared Arkansas bankers Herby Branscum Jr. and Robert M. Hill, both longtime supporters of President Clinton, of four felony charges. The jurors deadlocked on seven remaining counts involving misuse of bank funds.

The verdicts were the first setback for independent counsel Kenneth Starr and an instant boost for the president, whose 1990 gubernatorial campaign was the focus of the case.

The six-week trial centered on donations to Clinton's tough reelection bid in 1990 and the handling of the campaign account at their bank. Prosecutors alleged they illegally used funds from their Perry County Bank to cover their campaign contributions and, in two cases, conspired with campaign treasurer Bruce Lindsey to hide large cash withdrawals from federal regulators.

TIME magazine apologized for publishing in 1992 an accusation that former Washington Post Moscow correspondent Dusko Doder accepted money from the KGB. Time agreed to pay Doder roughly $270,000 plus costs at the end of a British libel action.

The article, and the case, had become a *cause célèbre* among some prominent U.S. journalists who, in a letter to Time, had accused the magazine of engaging in "smear" and "innuendo" against Doder by publishing "rumors" without "a shred of proof to substantiate them." Time responded that its reporting had been "thorough and responsible."

AFTER deducting production costs, rights fees and profit-sharing with Olympics Games organizers, NBC executives say the network will take home about $70 million from its two weeks in Atlanta. In Barcelona in 1992, the network lost about $99 million.

The anticipated profit is roughly twice that collected by ABC during the 1984 Summer Games from Los Angeles, which until now were ranked the most lucrative for a broadcast network.

Milosevic Fails to Halt Serbia's Decline

Michael Dobbs in Belgrade

AFTER leading his nation to military defeat and economic ruin, Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic has come up with a snappy slogan for parliamentary elections later this year: "Serbia, Step into the 21st century."

It is hard to think of a European leader more identified with the past than Milosevic, or a country less prepared for the challenges of the new millennium than Yugoslavia, which now consists of Serbia and its tiny ally Montenegro.

This is a country that took a disastrous wrong turn in the late 1980s. Under Milosevic's leadership — his republic of Serbia dominates the Yugoslav federation — the Serbs embraced nationalism at a time when their Soviet Bloc neighbors were busy liberating themselves from communism.

The results of that wrong turn are clearly visible. Economically, Yugoslavia has regressed to the late 1960s. National per-capita income is about $1,000, down from more than $2,000 when Milosevic came to power in 1987.

There has been little real privatization. Foreign investment has dried up. The Yugoslav government is desperately trying to find jobs and housing for the half-million Serb refugees from Croatia and Bosnia who have ended up in Serbia. The most dynamic and best-educated citizens have fled abroad.

Politically, too, Yugoslavia bears the scars of years of international isolation. By rejecting Moscow's embrace and adopting an eclectic brand of communism known as workers' self-management, Yugoslavia's post-war dictator, Tito, became the darling of the West and the champion of the Nonaligned Movement.

Today, 16 years after Tito's death, Yugoslavia has been left with few real friends, and what was the most open country in Eastern Europe has become one of the more closed ones.

"Milosevic failed to understand the political message of the fall of the Berlin Wall," said Konstantin Obradovic, deputy director of the Belgrade Center for Human Rights. "While other Communist politicians accepted the Western model, and moved in the direction of the rest of Europe, Milosevic went the other way. That is why we are where we are today."

If anything, the sense of political and economic drift has only deepened since December, when Milosevic signed the peace agreement forged in Dayton, Ohio, that ended the 3½-year war in Bosnia. In return for his cooperation, the United States rewarded Milosevic by supporting the suspension of an international trade embargo against Yugoslavia.

However, apart from permitting a sudden influx of cheap gasoline, the removal of the U.N. sanctions has failed to improve the lives of ordinary Yugoslavs.

In conversations with U.S. negotiators in Dayton, Milosevic frequently talked about his ambitions for Serbia following a peace settlement. He described how, with the help of Western investors, he would turn his country into a "Switzerland of the Balkans." Eight months later, Serbs still are waiting for the peace dividend Milosevic promised.

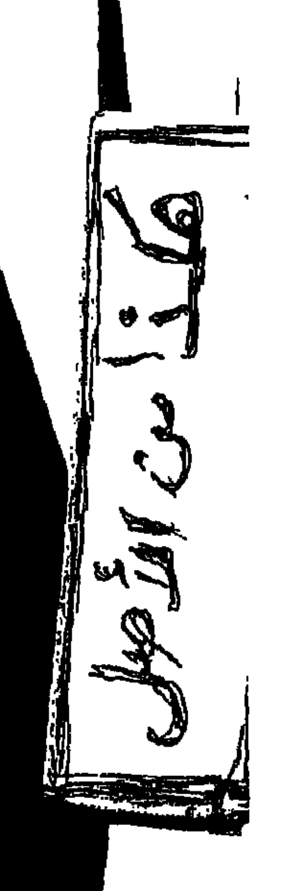
"The high hopes that were connected to the lifting of sanctions have evaporated," said Mihajlo Markovic, a former spokesman for the ruling Socialist Party here. "This is a dangerous period right now. When sanctions were in place, the government could blame the West for everything that was wrong with our economy."

One reason for the lack of any significant improvement in Yugoslavia's economic position is that an "outer wall of sanctions" remains in place. The United States says it will continue to block Belgrade's admission to international financial institutions and access to international credit. The blockade will continue as long as Belgrade fails to cooperate fully with the tribunal in The Hague investigating Balkan war crimes and continues to repress the Albanian majority in the Serbian province of Kosovo.

Equally important, Milosevic has shown little interest in implementing the kind of economic "shock therapy" that is changing the face of other former Eastern Bloc countries. Yugoslavia has yet to tackle seriously the restructuring of its economy, which is still dominated by state-run dinosaurs. Radical economic reform would strike at the heart of Milosevic's power base, which rests on a vast web of political and economic patronage.

"All our neighbors advanced, but we are in the same place. We lost five years of a crucial period of transition," said Predrag Simic, director of the Institute for International Politics and Economics here. "Dayton opened the gates to major changes, but nobody is going through the gates. There are no new ideas."

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GUARDIAN WEEKLY
August 11 1996

Quebec Calls to Its Mother Tongue

'Language police' are to resume enforcing French, **Charles Trueheart** reports from Toronto

CANADA, in an effort to embrace and dignify its linguistic minority in Quebec, recognizes two official languages — English and French. Quebec declines the gesture. It has just one official language: French.

Between those two solitudes lies the issue that, more than any other, has polarized society in Quebec and Canada for more than a quarter-century. Other nationalisms are calls to ethnicity, or territory, or faith; Quebec's is a call to the mother tongue.

This may begin to explain why — unprompted by public opinion and heedless of public relations — Quebec plans to resume strict enforcement of language laws in the province, where French speakers are in the overwhelming majority.

Unearthing a symbol that the most ardent Quebec nationalists understand, the governing Parti Québécois said in June that it would resurrect the Commission to Protect the French Language to enforce the use of French in public and commercial life.

The enforcement agency, disbanded three years ago, was commonly known as the language police — or "tongue troopers" — among many in the English-speaking and immigrant minority communities, which resented linguistic repression.

Quebec leaders offered assurances that the recommissioned police will have fewer powers and staff than in its heyday in the late 1970s and '80s, when random complaints about illegal English-language signs could lead to on-the-spot justice and fines.

"We can apply it with moderation, with a sense of decency about it, without bringing back the ghost of the language police," said David Payne, a Quebec government official responding to concerns of English speakers. But Louise Beaudoin, the Quebec culture minister, held out the prospect of giving officers the power to impose fines if the number of violations created "a bottleneck."

Recently, the non-Francophone communities have other reasons to doubt the secession-minded government's protestations of tolerance and amity.

This spring, two weeks before the Jewish feast of Passover, Quebec language-office functionaries notified supermarkets and food distributors in Montreal that they would face legal repercussions if they stocked kosher products, imported from New York, with English-only packaging. But the provincial government backed off.

Quebec's Charter of the French Language was promulgated in 1977, after separatists first came to power. It has long drawn the wrath of the province's English-speaking and immigrant communities, who together represent less than a fifth of the population. The controversial laws mandate and govern the use of French in the workplace, in business and in schooling. Their most controversial provisions regulate where, and how prominently, English and other languages may appear on public signs.

Montreal novelist Mordecai Richler crystallized Anglophone loathing for the laws in 1991. In a series of New Yorker magazine articles and in a book he savagely chronicled what he said was Quebec's heritage of anti-Semitism, tribalism and xenophobia, which, he said, live on in modern Quebec nationalism and its language laws.

Constitutional standoffs in the Supreme Court of Canada and a low rumble of international pressure — including from an arm of the United Nations — forced the Quebec government in 1993 to dilute the laws.

English is now permissible on outdoor signs, so long as it appears at half the size of the equivalent French words. Immigrants who settle in Quebec, regardless of their language of origin, must send their children to French schools. This provision once included even English-speaking Canadians who move to Montreal (though not many do); now such cases are granted a six-year waiver if they do not intend to reside in the province permanently.

The 35-year-old political debate about the fate of French in Quebec is focused on Montreal, home to nearly half of Quebec's 7.25 million people.

Outside the Montreal metropolitan area, except in a few English enclaves, French is the language used at home, school and work by roughly 90 percent of Quebecers. But Montreal is different. There, rates of bilingualism are high among Anglophones and Francophones alike, and dozens of languages other than French and English are spoken in bustling immigrant communities.

For many Quebec nationalists, Montreal's cosmopolitan, multilingual evolution constitutes a threat to the last major North American city where French is still commonly spoken. They see not their language's overwhelming predominance and legal primacy in the province of Quebec, but its linguistic isolation and peril within Canada and on the continent.

Those who scorn the seriousness with which even non-separatist Quebecers are moved to protect the French language should look in the mirror more closely, suggested Guy Laforest, a political scientist at Laval University in Quebec City.

"Consider the linguistic insecurities that some Americans feel *vis-à-vis* the Spanish language despite a 280 million Anglophone majority in North America," he said in an interview. "If there is insecurity in that context, what kind of insecurity must there be for a French-speaking society in North America?"

That may be so. But thanks to the original language laws, and two decades of English speakers' flight to the rest of Canada, French is entrenched in Quebec, and thus North America, as never before. Even the most tendentious studies indicate that in Montreal, more than eight in 10 Francophones speak French at work, as do more than half of Montreal's Anglophones.

But to those most passionate about the protection of French, the glass is only half full. The workplace in Montreal is still a place where English is too often a necessity for advancement. Bilingualism, a virtue and an asset in the rest of Canada and elsewhere, is perceived in these quarters as a continuing burden Francophones must bear.

The decision to tighten the screws on the use of English in Quebec also distressed those who wanted to believe that Lucien Bouchard, the separatist who became premier of Quebec seven months ago, wants to reach out to Anglophones.

In Bouchard's efforts to burnish Quebec's image in the international financial community, any such ethnically suggestive vestiges of separatist orthodoxy make a stubborn tarnish.

The English-speaking communities have been wounded and angry since last October's whisker-close referendum on Quebec independence. On the night of his bitter loss, Jacques Parizeau, who was premier, blamed the defeat on "money and the ethnic vote," a reference to Anglophones and immigrants, whose vote was overwhelmingly against separation. He quit his office in general disgrace the next day.

The Bouchard government's revival of the language laws suggests a willingness to enrage English-speaking Canadians outside Quebec. For them, as for many American onlookers, no issue so bewilders and angers as Quebec's defense of the French language. Some, especially in the English-speaking West, still chafe at Canada's official two-languages policy, implemented by the English majority a quarter-century ago to mollify Quebec. The federally mandated bilingual cornflakes box is chronically derided as the symbol of a policy that failed, of a concession that has only bred more demands from the restive French-speaking quarter of the Canadian population.

Laval University's Laforest sees no end to the struggle. "No matter what constitutional order we end up under, this debate will continue to define our society. It will still be here 200 years from now."

A woman holds a photograph of her late husband, a farmer who was executed for smuggling 80lb of heroin in a tea shipment from Yunnan to Fujian PHOTOGRAPH: PATRICK E. TYLER

Heroin Grips China's Wild West

Keith B. Richburg in Ruili

BURMESE "businessmen" approach strangers with whispered offers of ruby and jade. Heavily made-up young prostitutes beckon male passersby to red-lit upstairs cubicles. And along nearly every street and mud-caked alleyway, small walk-in clinics offer treatment for myriad sexually transmitted diseases.

This frontier town, sinister and sleazy, is the Wild West of China's rugged Yunnan Province, which borders Burma, Laos and Vietnam. For centuries, this mountainous region has been defined by its remoteness — it was a place to which Chinese emperors banished criminals and malcontents, where Marco Polo marveled at the "natives" who "eat the raw flesh of fowls, sheep, oxen and buffalo" and where World War II American intelligence operatives funneled arms to Chinese guerrillas along the Burma Road.

These days, however, the ancient trading routes that traverse this inhospitable terrain are being used for trafficking in a more lucrative commodity: heroin.

Western drug enforcement officials say Yunnan Province has emerged as the most important transshipment corridor for heroin produced in Burma — the source of the vast majority of heroin that reaches the streets of America's cities from the drug-producing "Golden Triangle" region of Southeast Asia.

"You look at the seizures we've had, and it's stuff coming from across southern China," said one U.S. drug agent.

From laboratories in Burma's Kokang region — where raw opium is refined into heroin — the drug shipments leave Burma by truck or mule caravan and across thousands of miles of mountain trails to reach China. Once in Yunnan, the drugs are sent to the provincial capital, Kunming, for repackaging. The traffickers then have several options for moving it to markets in the West.

Some of the heroin is moved overland to China's coastal Guangdong and Fujian provinces, where it is loaded onto ships. Some is sent by air freight to Hong Kong for later delivery in the United States. A favored new route is over the newly opened border with Vietnam, giving access to ports at Haiphong, Danang and Ho Chi Minh City, as well as several airports.

Typically, heroin coming out of China is hidden in containers along with legitimate cargo, such as food, textiles, plastic toys or other Chinese products headed for the United States. Drug enforcement officials say they have even discovered shipments of Burmese heroin moving from Yunnan province through Xinjiang Province in the northwest, from where it continues westward through Tajikistan or Kazakhstan.

The drug flow through China has had a devastating impact on southern border towns, promoting lawlessness, banditry and the concurrent problems of addiction, AIDS and prostitution. "You have robberies. A lot of these guys have guns. There are shootouts with police," a U.S. law enforcement official said. "It's like Bogota, Colombia, for a thousand miles."

One of the main consequences of China's new role as a heroin trafficking center has been a surge in its addiction rates.

When the Communists came to power in 1949, drug addiction in China was rampant, with opium widely used among rich and poor alike, according to the Beijing-based National Institute on Drug Dependence. But within a few years, drug addiction — along with trafficking — were virtually eliminated until at least 1979, when the Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping ended decades of economic isolation and opened the world's most populous country to commercial influences.

By 1989, China reported having 70,000 drug addicts. The figure jumped to 380,000 in 1994 and 520,000 last year, according to Zheng Jiwang, professor of pharmacology with the institute. "This problem got more serious following the years of China's reforms, because there was a flow of drugs into Yunnan," Zheng said in an interview in Beijing.

The addicts are spread across this sprawling country, but for the most part, experts say, the pattern of drug addiction follows the drug trail leading out of Burma — from Yunnan to Guangxi and Guizhou, then east to Fujian and Guangdong. Yunnan already has about 40,000 addicts.

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Black Man's Burden

Francine Prose

THE GETTIN PLACE
By Susan Straight
Hyperion. 416pp. $22.95



SOME YEARS ago I happened, almost by chance, to attend a reading by a group of younger writers; among them was Susan Straight. Though I'd enjoyed and admired the stories in her first collection, Aquaboogie, I was unprepared for the extraordinary experience of hearing her read aloud, an event which can best be described as an astonishing act of literary ventriloquism.

As the audience watched, the writer — a pale, pretty woman with long, light-brown hair — all but vanished, mystically transformed into her central character. For those few minutes on stage, she seemed to transcend her own persona and speak entirely through the lyrical, idiomatic voice of her utterly plausible narrator: a dreamy African-American boy, caught in the midst of musing about his problematic life at school and at home.

Few authors in America manage (with the sort of easy confidence that makes the writing of fiction seem effortless) to do anything more difficult or (given the currently intense suspicion of anyone daring to write across the lines of race, gender, class) more nervy and brave. In Aquaboogie and her first two novels, I Been In Sorrow's Kitchen And Licked Out All The Pots and Blacker Than A Thousand Midnights, Susan Straight has insisted on her right to fully imagine — and write sympathetically and unsentimentally about — the everyday triumphs and struggles of mostly working-class black men, women and children.

Her new book, The Gettin Place, is the most accomplished and compelling yet. In this long, ambitious work, Straight combines her skill at accurately rendering the complex nuances of character and community with the narrative momentum of a conventional novel of suspense. It is, as they say, a page-turner: a thriller with the sustained depth of a serious multigenerational family novel.

The plot begins dramatically and violently. In the small but growing (and growingly troubled) town of Rio Seco, an hour or so from Los Angeles, the bodies of two young white women are found in a burning car on the grounds of Hosea Thompson's auto salvage yard. Eventually, all of Hosea's large clan will be affected by — and implicated in — the crimes. The consequences of the murders will reach beyond Treetown (Rio Seco's black district) to the more prosperous downtown, then all the way to Los Angeles, around the globe to war-torn Cambodia, and back in history to Tulsa, Oklahoma, during the 1920s, when a series of race riots established a pattern of violence that has haunted Hosea through the intervening decades.

Perhaps what's most impressive about The Gettin Place is how soon and how well we come to know its huge cast of characters: Hosea, his wife and brother, his six grown children, his grandchildren, and their neighbors: black and white, men and women, adolescents and children. Hosea's son Marcus is a high school history teacher and the only member of the family who can deal with white people and navigate with apparent ease between the very distinct and separate worlds of Treetown and downtown.

Less central to the consciousness of the novel but equally well-drawn and memorable are Marcus's brother Finis, a young man whose brain has been so badly seared by PCP that he can speak only in lyrics from '70s and '80s pop songs, and his tormented, agoraphobic sister, Sofelia, who has fled to Los Angeles and, with Marcus's help, returned to Rio Seco in a desperate attempt to save her son from the violence that follows him, all too readily, from the streets of South Central.

The novel takes on important themes — history and progress, class and race, roots and rootlessness — but never seems talky or pedantic. It touches on any number of newsworthy issues — real estate development and land greed, inner-city gang violence, drug dependency, race riots — without ever sacrificing its unwavering attention to the more essential and timeless truths of its characters' lives; it never strikes us as self-consciously "topical." In fact, nothing here feels self-conscious, labored or artificial.

AS ALWAYS, Susan Straight demonstrates a sharp ear for the cadences and idioms of the street, of black speech, together with an appreciation and knowledge of its history. Marcus's sensibility gives her license and opportunity to step back from the highly eventful plot and tell us what she knows:

"White people, downtown people, always asked, 'Where do you live?' But growing up, he'd always heard the softer word. Where he stay now? . . . Back after slavery, all those brothers drifting from place to place, until 'Where do you live?' became 'Where do you stay?' Temporary, fleeting. Where do you rest your head, for this moment?"

The Gettin Place is hard to put down but also, in all the best ways, hard to read. Tough, uncompromising, unsentimental, free from romantic fantasy and reassuring cliche, it may tell too much of the harsh truth for some readers' tastes. But others will certainly find it to be the most entertaining and rewarding sort of thriller: not merely suspenseful but also thrilling in its honesty, its courage, its range and revelations.

Mooning After Lily

Elizabeth Hand

LUNATICS
By Bradley Denton
St. Martin's. 325pp. $23.95

FOR MANY of us, summer reading falls somewhere between the latest blistering rash of bestsellers and a grim determination to tote Decline And Fall (Gibbon, not Waugh) to Rehoboth, along with the SPF 97 sunscreen. Our ideal summer book would be like the ideal summer lover: undemanding, yet not totally mindless; sexy with a good sense of humor; weight proportionate to page length. In short, an object one would not be embarrassed for the world to see lying on the beach towel beside us.

Enter Bradley Denton's Lunatics, a charming novel that begs to go along on vacation (and won't take up too much space). Denton is a writer with a wonderful sense of character and great comic timing. In Lunatics, he uses these to make a bodacious bombshell of a book that you can still respect in the morning.

Jack is a widower in his late thirties, smart, vaguely yuppie-ish, part of that 1970s band that was too young for Woodstock and is now too old for most of the products advertised on MTV. When we first meet him, he's sitting naked in the January cold in front of his apartment, waiting for his monthly visitation from a goddess named Lilith, a paragon of female pulchritude with wings and taloned feet. Unfortunately, the police find Jack before Lily does, and bust him for "the minor crime of being naked in Austin." Jack is bailed out by his old University of Texas gang, who then conspire to keep him out of trouble, which mostly involves keeping Jack's clothes on when the moon is full — far more difficult than it seems.

You see, Lily can't find her mortal lovers unless they're naked and bathed in moonlight. And Jack is so smitten by Lily that nothing, but nothing, will keep him from meeting her terms. In a last-ditch effort at damage control, Jack's circle arranges for him to spend his full moons at a cabin in the Hill Country, with his friends in attendance as immoral support. This makes for great weekend-house-party scenes featuring the Whole Sick Crew: the gorgeous, hard-as-nails Carolyn and her twentysomething lover, Artie; Katy and Stephen Corman, still in love but foundering on the shoals of a dull marriage; the cheerfully feckless Halle, a single mother who just can't say No to the various men who stumble in and out of her bed; some of those various men; and Halle's two Panzers-on-patrol offspring.

And, of course, Lily. None of Jack's friends believe him when he tells them about his new love interest — "You didn't see Lily, did you? Black hair, dark eyes, perfect legs, impressive wings?" But before the year is out, everyone has met Lily, who in true goddess fashion changes her mortal contacts, even as she herself is irrevocably altered by her human lover.

This is material that demands a souffle-light touch, and Denton has it, along with a great evocation of Austin's outer limits and much ribald humor that cannot be quoted here. Lily, as a lunar deity, influences sexual desire. In her efforts to understand and help Jack's friends, she exerts an irresistible pull that sends them careering in and out of each other's beds with the blitzkrieg energy of pinballs. The effect is more Blithe Spirit than Blazing Passion, though. Denton's characters are exceptionally well-drawn and infinitely recognizable, from the hopelessly dweeby Stephen to the adorable lunkhead Artie (the Matt Dillon role), who dropped out of university to play drums in a band called Stigmata Breath, then quit the group to take a job in the Food Service Industry ("it wasn't as if he still couldn't play. Once you've learned how to hit things with sticks, you never forget"). Even Lily escapes the fate of most literary deities, that of being larger-than-life and thus unbelievable. This is a goddess you could sit next to at your next Twelve-Step meeting, who unhappily witnesses her transformation from inviolable demiurge to ordinary damsel (though still with great hair).

"Lily looked miserable. 'Yes, but I don't feel the way I used to. You see, these days I find myself worrying about Jack and the people who matter to him. I never used to worry at all. Sometimes I don't like my body. I hate my wings and my feet'."

The weakest-drawn link in this daisy chain of once and future friends and lovers is Jack, who remains something of a tabula rasa — but hey, loving a goddess takes it out of you. Lunatics is like that one perfect unforgettable song that evokes a summer: breezy, sunstruck, joyous. It leaves you humming.

Time to Remodel the Play-Doh Family

Amitai Etzioni

A WORLD OF THEIR OWN MAKING
Myth, Ritual, and the Quest for Family Values
By John R. Gillis
Basic Books. 310pp. $28

JOHN GILLIS's thesis is that we live in a world of myth, composed of symbolic interpretations of ourselves to ourselves, the world we would like to live by, not the one we live in. While it might be best to scrap all such unrealistic notions, this is impossible because we have a deep need for idealization. What we can do, he says, is become aware of the dreamlike quality of our beliefs and "consciously and collaboratively" fashion better myths than those provided by religion and community.

One particular myth Gillis seeks to refashion is our notion that families in earlier ages were more stable and authentic than ours. He shows that this myth is of recent vintage, concocted by Victorians in the 19th century. Even then it did not reflect the reality of intimate relations, which often were not sanctioned by the church and were subject to frequent family breakups due to death. The old myth has become particularly damaging in our age and is now used by champions of family values, whom Gillis often derides, to berate us. We should come together and engineer a more realistic myth.

The new myth would be of a family that is more pliable than Play-Doh. Gillis reports that there are already 200 different kinds of family that Europeans and Americans "now regard as legitimate 'families'." And he says "it is time to abandon once and for all the idol of 'the Family' and to validate the great variety of families that people are actually living by." Above all, we should "insist that we keep our family cultures diverse, fluid, and unresolved . . ."

Gillis is a well-regarded historian, the author of the well-received For Better, For Worse: British Marriages, 1600 To The Present. He is a powerful narrator, who uses a rich variety of sources to make his case as he examines several specific myths that are interwoven with the mother of all myth, that of the family. He explores the ways we conceptualize time, which leads him to examine age and the cultural framing of death. In earlier ages, Christians disposed of bodies quickly, and formal mourning was very brief, because they believed in the continuity of life and the afterlife. Today, the aging and anticipated death of our own bodies and of members of our families are a source of existential angst.

Time figures in Gillis's book in another way: He points out that we believe that we should have time for family life but actually have ever less. As a result we are frantically trying to have a relaxed time together, only to be disappointed and disappointing. He cites a telling statistic: 80 percent of Americans told a pollster that they had a family dinner the night before and 46 percent said they had eaten together every night of the preceding week. Observation revealed that only about one-third actually had. For Gillis this finding is another piece of evidence that a past myth must be replaced.

The same recasting is required for rituals of space. Victorians, like us, yearned for a place of harmony but expected to find it in the community, in church, and in Heaven, rather than in the household. But as the national and religious community weakened, the myth of the family household as a home arose. Public spaces, such as streets and plazas, where communities happen, became merely places to travel from one household to another. But the myth of the home and the reality of the household have become increasingly difficult to reconcile, although they never truly overlapped. We need a less troubling myth.

Values are not a fairy tale we tell one another so we will be able to cope with a harsh world. They are the core of our most profound moral convictions. If reality does not match our beliefs, it is the reality that may well need to be refashioned. Granted, retooling reality is a challenging and painful, maybe even an eternal, struggle. And some respecifications of what we value might be called for. However, when all is said and done, we need to labor for what is right, whether or not it is soothing.

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Europe fails to champion human rights

Marcel Scotto

THE recent wave of hunger strikes in Turkish prisons once again pointed up the ambiguity of western Europe's relations with its partners to the east and south when it comes to the human rights issue.

For years now, European experts have published reports denouncing the inhuman treatment meted out to prisoners in Ankara and Istanbul jails. Yet although Turkey joined the Council of Europe a long time ago — only a few months after its foundation in 1949 — those reports have not resulted in any real improvement in prison conditions there.

The case of the Kurds is equally telling. At the height of the Turkish army's clashes with the "rebels", European Union governments put such pressure on the European Parliament that it ended up ratifying the customs union treaty between the EU and Turkey in December 1995.

Leftwing MEPs initially tried to put up a fight, but a majority of them were eventually won over by the arguments put forward by European governments and Turkey's then prime minister, Tansu Ciller. The most important thing, they argued, was to bar the way to the pro-Islamic Welfare party by preventing it from winning the general election, and rapid implementation of the customs agreement with Brussels would confirm that Turkey was firmly anchored to the western world.

Today, Welfare's Necmettin Erbakan is in power thanks to the support of Ciller, who realised that her best chance of safeguarding her political future lay in making an alliance with the pro-Islamic party.

The Council of Europe's parliamentary assembly has made equally serious mistakes. In its almost childish determination to compete with the EU by creating a "Greater Europe", the Strasbourg-based organisation has blindly embarked on a process of enlargement without worrying too much about the respect of human rights — which is after all its main function.

The terms of the European Convention on Human Rights had not been too flagrantly flouted until Russia applied for membership. Here again, the 15 EU countries, who form a bloc within the Council of Europe, leant very heavily on members of its parliamentary assembly. Despite events in Chechenia, an overwhelming majority of members voted in favour of Russian membership in January 1995.

The day before the vote, Leni Fischer, the German Christian Democrat who is president of the assembly, said: "This is an essentially political decision, for I prefer to have Russia with me rather than on the other side of the ramparts." Today, Fischer regularly issues communiqués condemning the Russian army's action against the Chechen population.

Such statements, like most of those emanating from leading officials in the Council of Europe, are prompted more by a need to react to events than by a genuine determination to bring the organisation's influence to bear, however weak it may be.

The Council of Europe has acted in an equally shortsighted manner on the issue of Croatia. Despite the fact that most of its member countries, notably those of the EU, called for Croatia's membership to be postponed in an attempt to force President Franjo Tudjman's regime to respect individual freedoms and, above all, to ensure the success of the Dayton accords, its assembly members came out in favour of admitting Croatia.

For the first time in the Council's history, its committee of ministers refused to endorse a vote by the assembly. Croatia will consequently have to show that it has honoured its pledges before being admitted as a member.



A picture taken by a photographer smuggled into a Turkish jail shows a defiant prisoner who died after fasting for 66 days: Western Europe has done little to get Ankara to improve harsh prison conditions

Russia, Croatia and other central and east European countries which have joined the Council of Europe since the collapse of the Soviet bloc have made plenty of promises, but only rarely honoured them. These had to do mainly with ratification of the Convention on Human Rights, the abolition of capital punishment, the recognition of minorities and press freedom.

So far, these new regimes have not resolutely committed themselves to the democratisation process. The Ukrainian president, Leonid Kuchma, recently told Le Monde: "We must settle various political, legal and even economic problems before abolishing the death penalty."

Russia and Ukraine have even argued that an ending of capital punishment would not be acceptable to a majority of their citizens.

Another example is Latvia, whose government is reluctant to recognise that its Russian population should be allowed to enjoy certain basic rights. The Slovakian regime is behaving in similar fashion towards its Hungarian minority. Human rights violations, some serious, some less so, also occur in other former countries of the communist bloc, such as Estonia, Romania, Albania and Bulgaria.

Despite various setbacks, the Council continues to pursue its aim of a "Greater Europe". Its Swedish secretary-general, Daniel Tarschys, recently toured the Caucasus in response to requests for membership by Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan.

At the rate things are going, the organisation may be joined in the near future by new nations whose regimes could hardly be described as models of democracy. And why indeed should Tbilisi, Yerevan or Baku worry about keeping their promises when those countries that have failed to do so do not even get rapped over the knuckles?

Yet the Council of Europe, unlike the EU, has allowed for the possibility of suspending a member country if need be. In 1969, not long after a military junta took power, Greece left the organisation just as it was about to be excluded. And Turkey was asked to withdraw its parliamentary representation from the Council following the 1980 military coup.

Since then, the Council of Europe's assembly members have been content to follow the instructions of their various governments except in the case of Croatia, and to work towards the construction of a "Greater Europe".

The Court of Human Rights has so far received more than 100 complaints from Turks about violations of individual freedoms. However, it takes the court an average of at least five years to make its rulings.

How much longer will the Council of Europe continue to bark up the wrong tree? Should it try to play a diplomatic-cum-strategic role in the shadow of the superpowers, or concentrate on its real vocation, the defence of individual citizens?

Europe waited decades before threatening to "interfere" in the affairs of African countries with long-standing European ties. Will it wait equally long before getting tough with its new European partners? It would be guilty of abdicating its responsibilities if it were to do so.

(July 30)

Algerian Islamists spill more French blood

COMMENT
Jacques de Barrin

THIS week's official two-day visit to Algeria by the French foreign minister, Hervé de Charette, was brought to a tragic conclusion on August 1 when Monsignor Pierre Claverie, the Bishop of Oran, whom he had met earlier that same day, was killed by a bomb on his return to the bishop's palace.

The 58-year-old Claverie, who is the 104th foreigner and 19th member of the clergy to have been murdered in the past three years of violence, was a leading figure of the Catholic church in Algeria. An outspoken and fearless opponent of the fundamentalist strand of Islam, he liked to describe himself as a "Christian sheikh".

The murder, in all likelihood the work of a faction of the Armed Islamic Group (GIA), was clearly intended as a chilling message to the French foreign minister, who had come to Algeria in the hope that his meeting with President Liamine Zéroual would enable relations between the two countries to get off to "a new start".

Marked by persistent mutual suspicion and a long series of misunderstandings, Franco-Algerian relations seem to be perpetually getting off to "a new start". Good intentions have often been rapidly swept away by the many obstacles that various parties have placed in the way of a genuine and dispassionate dialogue between the two countries, which, as the French say, "have much to say to each other" and "much to do together".

Some of the most virulent opponents of that dialogue have been those groups in Algeria that cloak their craving for power with religious trappings. They know when to go for the "right" targets at the "right" time, kidnapping and later slaughtering seven Trappist monks from the Tibéhirine Monastery in May, and now assassinating the Bishop of Oran.

There could be no more twisted way of telling France — which is trying not to cut off the lines of communication with the Algerian government and wants to defend its own genuine interests in that country — that whatever happens the French no longer have any business to be in Algeria.

Obviously the French cannot bow to such terrorist warnings, nor can they "make themselves scarce" while the regime gets its act together — an unlikely event — and brings back the rule of law to a country with which France has no choice but to co-operate.

Just because the French government has shown unmitigated hostility towards what President Jacques Chirac has described as the "barbaric excesses" of religious fanaticism does not mean that it should feel obliged to keep its mouth shut with regard to a regime, such as President Zéroual's, which shows so little respect for the norms of democracy.

(August 2)

Drugs tempt Peru's military

Nicole Bonnet in Lima

IN HIS traditional message to Congress on July 28, Peru's independence day, President Alberto Fujimori announced that he was suspending international commercial transport services carried out by the navy and air force "in order to curb the infiltration of cocaine trafficking into the armed forces".

"I am the first to recognise the gravity of the discovery of drugs in an air force plane and on two navy vessels," he added. In May, 174kg of pure cocaine was found in a former presidential aircraft that was travelling to France and Russia to get military equipment repaired. Last month 100kg of the drug was discovered in two ships that had put in at Vancouver and Peru's port of Callao.

In January, following a long series of scandals that had tarnished the reputation of army officers involved since 1993 in the fight against drug trafficking in the tropical valleys where coca is grown, President Fujimori decided to transfer those operations to the police.

"The decision to put the army in charge of fighting drug trafficking was a serious mistake," says Diego Garcia Sayan, president of the Andean Commission of Jurists. "However, it was virtually unavoidable given the interconnection of terrorism and drug trafficking."

The defence minister, Tomas Castillo, has described the president's latest move as "correct, even though it will have a serious effect on the army's budget". He confirmed that an air force group captain and two naval commanders have been brought before the supreme military court on charges of "offences committed in the course of duty".

Since 1993 more than 300 army and police officers have been charged with collusion with drug traffickers. The basic problem is the very low pay received by those in the security forces. Police officers earn about $120 a month, while an army general gets $500, nearly 30 times less than a senior civil servant.

Drug traffickers are prepared to offer $10,000 to anyone who allows a small plane packed with drugs to take off. And they will fork out at least 10 times that amount to get a *mafioso* released from detention.

(July 31)



Summer loving . . . Gaspard (Melvil Poupaud) and Léna (Aurélia Nolin) in Conte d'Eté

Doing the three-card trick

Jean-Michel Frodon reviews Eric Rohmer's latest film and, right, asks the 76-year-old director about his work

IT IS the film critic's lot to review films one by one, as they come out. Any parallels between movies, if they are at all meaningful (which they are usually not), depend on the vagaries of film distributors and their schedules.

The risk then is that one fails to see to what extent some directors build up a genuine *oeuvre*. By oeuvre I mean a corpus whose sum is superior to, and possibly different in character from, its constituent elements — however successful each film may be individually.

Since making his first feature, Le Signe du Lion (The Sign Of Leo), in 1959 the French film-maker Eric Rohmer, aged 76, has built up one of the most coherent and ambitious oeuvres in the history of world cinema.

And he has done so in an unusually deliberate way, as can be judged from his fondness for grouping most of his movies into series, such as "Six Contes Moraux" (Six Moral Tales), "Comédies et Proverbes" (Comedies and Proverbs) and "Contes des Quatre Saisons" (Tales of the Four Seasons).

Similarly, he regularly publishes theoretical texts on film aesthetics, which echo his early work as a film critic in the fifties, and has set up his own production company, Les Films du Losange, which allows him complete artistic freedom.

But it is the recurrence of themes and situations, and the playing out of various types of emotional relationships and mechanisms in various configurations, that are the most characteristic feature of his cinema.

In 1971, he wrote: "I combine small numbers of basic elements, as a chemist might do." There is not only a Rohmer style and tone, but a whole cinematic philosophy whose vehicle is a systematic pattern stylish enough to masquerade as a game, often played out by youthful characters. That, of course, does not mean that in order to appreciate Conte d'Eté (A Summer's Tale) — the third in his "Contes des Quatres Saisons" series, after Conte d'Hiver (A Winter's Tale) and Conte de Printemps (A Tale Of Springtime) — you need to have seen Rohmer's 20 previous features or mugged up on his theoretical work on the cinema: each of his movies is an individual entity, with its own vitality and perfectly accessible attractions.

The protagonist of the "game" is a dark good-looking young man, Gaspard (Melvil Poupaud), who arrives alone, with his guitar, to spend his holidays at the Breton seaside resort of Dinard. He has to contend with the rival attentions of three women. Léna (Aurélia Nolin), the wilful girl he is already in love with, is due to join him soon. Meanwhile he meets the friendly, talkative Margot (Amanda Langlet), who is warm and sensitive. Then he is physically attracted to Solène (Gwenaëlle Simon). At that point Léna turns up, and Gaspard loses out on all three counts.

Caught in a female triangle not of his own making, Gaspard is by no means just a pretty boy who plays hard to get; nor could he even be described as a ditherer. Rather, he plays along for a time with the successive scenarios proposed by the three women. The scenarios are logical enough individually, but mutually incompatible, and none blossoms into a successful relationship.

ROHMER turns this flimsy plot into a delightful film. The light, graceful way he sets up his three-card trick, his careful, delicate use of colour, the precision of his framing and his sense of pace are bewitching.

The long scenes of dialogue on the beach that punctuate Gaspard's bumpy emotional ride are marvellously subtle in their nuances of meaning, and never without justification. Equally justified is Rohmer's decision to make his characters seem out of kilter with their natural environment, for the whole socialised game they are playing is not in any way natural.

Only love would be natural. Only love would reconcile them with the world around them. But love is not on the agenda — or rather only intermittently and for want of anything better.

Conte d'Eté is also consistently funny. The humour is generated in the most spontaneous way by the intelligence of the *mise-en-scène*, but also by an emphasis on the notion of cinema's "impurity" to which Rohmer, a faithful disciple of the leading film critic André Bazin, has always subscribed.

That "impurity" is to be seen in his combination of a documentary approach to place and behaviour with a theatrical stylisation of situation and vocabulary. The discrepancy between these approaches generates a subtle, often caustic, humour.

Conte d'Eté recalls classical burlesque cinema, with its disjointed construction, abruptly discursive narrative and combination of chance and logic. As is often the case with Buster Keaton movies, Gaspard's experiences would, if filmed differently, form the stuff of high drama — his threefold failure in love is not in itself a particularly happy experience. But it would be drama, not tragedy, which requires the intervention of a higher, external force: fate. Here, the only factors in the equation are the use and abuse of free will.

In this sense Conte d'Eté is very much in keeping with Rohmer's whole oeuvre, and is all the more interesting for precisely that reason. The first two tales in the "Contes des Quatre Saisons" series are symmetrical philosophical fables. Spring is the setting for a Cartesian approach which, when it comes up against the problem of doubt, enables an outcome to be logically constructed, while winter involves a chance dénouement in which the woman protagonist's obstinacy overcomes the obstacles placed in her way by reality. The two films are also examples of two different approaches to the relationship between fact and fiction.

In Conte d'Eté Rohmer opts for an open-ended version where the series of different possibilities ends with an act of evasion. But it is an evasion full of promise.

From the point of view of the Rohmer palette, Conte d'Eté is a riot of colour. Rarely has he tackled so many registers in a single film. The characters sing and converse, share secrets and have rows, make promises and set each other challenges. There are grand statements of principle, moments of self-analysis, and elements of ethnological fieldwork and travelogue.

This richness of substance, which Rohmer orchestrates so its various elements merge, overlap and echo each other, results in a film of uninterrupted momentum. He is greatly aided in this by his four young actors, who could not have been better chosen for their parts.

Geometrical configurations of love's eternal triangles

HOW does Conte d'Eté fit into the "Contes des Quatre Saisons" series?

It is another variation on my usual theme: the relationship between young people — a man and several women, or a woman and several men. All my movies centre on the problem of choice. It's a serious problem, but one I treat as comedy.

But you have to know how to vary things. Each series follows a pattern. In the "Contes Moraux", for instance, a man loves a woman, and before making his final decision he is seduced by another woman. Then he goes back to the first.

In the "Contes des Quatre Saisons" series, there will be a symmetry between the first one I made, in 1989, Conte de Printemps, and the one I have yet to make, Conte d'Automne, just as there has been between the two I made in between, Conte d'Hiver and Conte d'Eté.

Conte d'Hiver portrays a woman and three men, Conte d'Eté a man and three women. In the first film, the woman has an *idée fixe*; in the second, the man has no clear idea of what he wants. Conte d'Hiver has a conclusion, while Conte d'Eté is open-ended.

At the time I was making the "Contes Moraux" [between 1962 and 1972], I used to joke that I worked on a computer, even though I don't even know how a computer works. But I was in fact using a combinatory process that tried to exhaust every possibility.

But the difference with a computer is that although my point of departure is mathematical, it is followed by many more sub-themes and variants than planned. If you find the right point of departure, the components should combine of their own accord in countless ways. The work of many artists, not just film-makers, is composed in that way. A work of art is not a work of science.

To my mind, that very strict framework is crucial, though not enough in itself. You also need to draw inspiration from life. Conversely, many directors are happy just to tell their life story in their films, but what is lacking is a sense of transposition, architecture and construction. However, form is not purely geometrical, and doesn't involve appearances alone.

You have argued that the artist is usually unaware of the form he or she is creating. How is that possible in your case, since you're a creator and a theorist?

It strikes me that classical directors such as Chaplin, Keaton, Murnau, Lang, Renoir and Hitchcock were not necessarily aware of form, whereas modern film-makers take a closer interest in it. When Cézanne said that nature was made of triangles, cylinders and cones, he was aware of that search for form.

Although my films are narrative-based — with a beginning and an end — I regard myself as a modern film-maker, like other directors of my generation. Jean-Luc Godard and Jacques Rivette are also theoreticians. But I don't theorise about my own films — at least not in advance. And when I'm shooting, I don't think about that kind of thing at all.

Did you make Conte d'Eté at about the same time that you were writing Du Mozart en Beethoven, your book on music just published by Actes Sud?

Yes, it was a coincidence. I'd been thinking about the film, whose story line is partly based on things I experienced when I was a teenager, for a long time. And I had also long wanted to write a book about music.

There's a lot of talk about music in the film, but not about the kind of music I discuss in the book. And that musical element was also coincidental: I waited a long time between making Conte d'Hiver and Conte d'Eté because I was having difficulty in finding the right actor for the main part.

When I met Melvil Poupaud and realised he was the person I'd been looking for, I discovered he also played music. Hence the idea of working a song into the movie.

You've always operated on low budgets and with a small crew. Have you changed that approach?

I feel no nostalgia for old-fashioned techniques. The first article I wrote was in favour of colour, which was regarded at the time — the beginning of the fifties — as a vulgar innovation. I was one of the first people working in the cinema to use radio microphones, in La Femme de l'Aviateur (The Aviator's Wife) in 1980. Conte d'Eté was shot with digital sound, and the sound mixing was done on computer, not in a dubbing studio.

The only thing I do feel attached to is screen shape. I prefer the old, almost square 1.33:1 width-to-height ratio to the wider 1.66:1, which is how most movies are projected nowadays. Conte d'Eté will be shown in cinemas in 1.66:1, but it will be possible to see it in 1.33:1 on television without any of the picture being cut off.

I attach great importance to a small crew. If you don't have to set up too much equipment, you can shoot anywhere without drawing attention to yourself. The shooting of Conte d'Eté was like that of La Collectionneuse 30 years ago in that I used just as few technicians and the same methods.

How did you make the seaside scenery so unusually beautiful?

All I know is that there was no artifice, no additional lighting. I and Diane Baratier, my cinematographer, chose our lenses so they wouldn't be too "good" or too "crisp" — we didn't want the photography to look like that of a TV commercial.

I like 16mm images and their softer colours, and wanted to produce something similar. As the natural scenery plays no part in the action of the film, there was a risk it might be reduced to little more than a backdrop.

How is Conte d'Automne coming along?

It's still at the project stage. I haven't yet found the location or actors. The whole thing could still change. All I know is that I will make it.

Le Monde
Directeur: Jean-Marie Colombani
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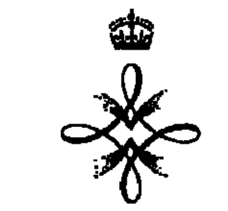
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QUALIFICATIONS Master's degree in Public Health with 5-7 years experience; experience in budget and monitoring a must; management skills, experience and knowledge of reproductive health issues, STD/AIDS and community health approach necessary; good interpersonal skills essential as much of project requires working with partners; Kiswahili language skills is a real plus.

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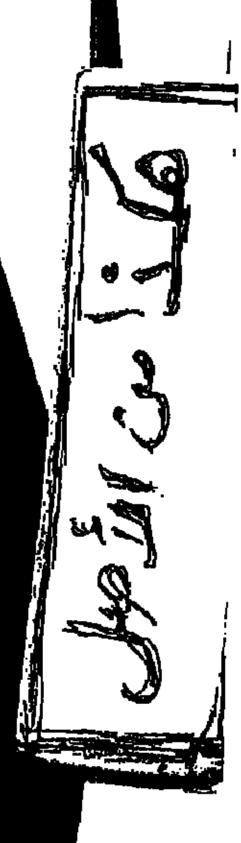
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The hero they love to hate

A Hollywood blockbuster about an Irish 'freedom fighter' might seem a propaganda nightmare for the UK government. But Michael Collins was different. He was killed by the IRA. **Flachra Gibbons** reports

THERE is a moment in Neil Jordan's powerful new film about Michael Collins, the Irish independence hero, when you think: "This will never see the light of day." For it breaks the biggest taboo of all — it tries to tell the truth. And the truth about Ireland can be awkward at times like this.

So John Major, Gerry Adams, David Trimble and a rump of five-pint nationalists in the Dublin Dáil all have reason to undermine it. But its greatest sin is that it will be a huge hit. An art-house film about a half-forgotten revolutionary they could have handled — a blockbuster on the Braveheart scale is another matter. For Michael Collins will rescue Julia Roberts's career and Oscars are already being talked of for Liam Neeson and Aidan Quinn.

Even before a scene was shot, the attacks had started. Conservative rightwingers called it an "IRA film" and an "anti-British travesty", while republicans accused Jordan of glorifying a man they killed as a traitor. Just watch how this unholy alliance of people, who won't even sit in the same room if it means talking peace, kicks in to condemn the film.

No wonder studio bosses are nervous about releasing it in Britain. Producer Stephen Woolley said: "If it's all about trying to stop us showing it here, they won't succeed."

If anything, it is a closely argued plea for peace, following Collins from the débâcle of the Easter Rising of 1916, through the Anglo-Irish war, to his death at the hands of the IRA in the civil war in 1922. It is hardly Jordan's fault if, having shone a light into a dark corner of shared history, we cannot bear to look.

Making a film in the mire of Irish politics is never easy — especially not a love story like this one — when the ecstatic reaction of US test audiences only raise suspicions in Britain of anti-Englishness. But Jordan has walked this minefield before with The Crying Game, his Oscar-winning film of a disillusioned IRA gunman who falls in love with a transvestite. Seen as "political" in Britain, it bombed first time before reopening, post-Oscars, in triumph.

Jordan was exasperated then; he is angry now. "To call Michael Collins an IRA film is contemptible. Some of Yeats's best poetry covered the same period. Is it now to be called 'IRA poetry'? . . . The reason people object to it is because they object to a film about him at all."

Michael Collins makes every politician who came after him seem a pygmy. That is why he has been so thoroughly written out of history, and why this film is so important.

Collins was a freedom fighter to some, a terrorist to others, who won a war against overwhelming odds yet was prepared to compromise quickly for peace. When he signed the treaty that secured it, he said: "I have signed my own death warrant." Nine months later he was dead, killed by his old comrades in the bloody civil war between nationalists that followed the foundation of the Irish Free State. He was ambushed while trying to set up a truce with Eamon De Valera, who refused to accept the creation of Northern Ireland. He was 31. He had brought about the beginning of the end of the Empire and the partition of Ireland. He will never be fully forgiven for either.

The power of the Collins myth is not what he did — though he was a legend in his lifetime — but what he might have done had he lived. The tragedy is that bombs might not be going off in London now if he had.

Hollywood has been fascinated by him for 50 years. It's not hard to see why. Collins has the mythic power of JFK, Che Guevara and Lawrence of Arabia rolled into one — handsome, brave, charismatic and prepared to kill without mercy if necessary.

Part Scarlet Pimpernel, part lolloping country lad, he loved to quote Peter Pan and — being younger and better-looking than Liam Neeson, who plays him in the film — was something of a heart-breaker when not wrestling (he wrecked several offices during impromptu bouts).

The Laughing Boy, as he was called, often cycled around Dublin with £50,000 under his hat (he was rebel minister of finance), joking with the soldiers searching for him and cursing "Collins, that Fenian cur from Cork". Yet he also invented urban guerrilla warfare and masterminded one of the most ruthlessly successful counter-espionage campaigns. Even so, Collins cried as he sent men to their deaths.

He was a mass of contradictions but a director's dream of a modern, enigmatic anti-hero. Huston, Cimino and Costner became obsessed with him but, despite having clout in Hollywood, politics and money got in the way of their films.

Collins was an inspiration to every anti-colonial movement after him. Mao studied him, KGB textbooks gave him a whole chapter and Yitzhak Shamir used the codename "Micail" as a tribute to him during Israel's war of independence.

It breaks the biggest taboo of all — it tries to tell the truth and the truth for Ireland can be awkward

Filming in Ireland was out of the question during the long life of his friend-turned-enemy, Eamon De Valera, who some accuse still of ordering his death. Then the Troubles erupted and the subject became a no-no with the studios.

The IRA ceasefire gave Jordan his moment. David Puttnam — another Collins obsessive — commissioned a script from him in 1982 after his first film, Angel. It sat in his desk for more than a decade before he dared resurrect it. "Like Lazarus, it wouldn't lie down. When I first wrote the script I called up Liam Neeson and said that if we ever got to do this, I wanted to do it with him. Since then, every time I finished a film I would ask Warners: 'Can I do it now?' "

Jordan's success with Interview With The Vampire gave him the muscle, a guarantee of total freedom and $28 million to make it. It was shot in the last summer of the ceasefire in Dublin. "If I was making it anywhere else, it would have cost $100 million. Julia Roberts did it for a hundredth of her usual fee . . . and we got 8,000 extras for nothing, people were so keen to get involved."





Real life, reel life: Michael Collins (above) and as portrayed by Liam Neeson in Neil Jordan's film

The film revolves around the relationship between Collins, his best friend, Harry Boland (Aidan Quinn) and the woman they both fell in love with, Kitty Kiernan (Julia Roberts). Collins and Boland ended up on opposite sides in the civil war, though Collins tried to save his friend on the night he was killed, if not quite in the manner depicted. De Valera (the excellent Alan Rickman) is a Machiavellian strategist, slippery as a Vaselined eel, who stitches Collins up by sending him to negotiate an impossible treaty in London and then refuses to accept the vote that endorsed it. It is from this refusal to accept the democratic will of the people that the present IRA claims its legitimacy. "What interests me", said Jordan, "is how the relationships between people can determine what happens to whole countries."

The treaty negotiations are left out, as is the vexed question of whether Collins died a virgin — one doubts it after discovery how he nobbed his way round London society during the talks. The beautiful (and married) Lady Lavery, who later graced the Irish pound note, had to be dissuaded from wearing widow's weeds to his funeral.

But Jordan sticks pretty rigidly to historical fact, with a script built mainly from letters and reported speech. Oddly, the bits that might jar with English audiences are the most accurate. The machine-gun massacre by soldiers of the football crowd in Croke Park in reprisal for Collins's hit squad, the Twelve Apostles, wiping out all of British Intelligence's agents in Ireland in one morning, did happen. It was to be the first of several bloody Sundays in modern Irish history. The attrition is scrupulously balanced, the killings up-close and brutal. No glamour here. Collins's boys, and many were boys, shoot an agent in front of his pregnant wife, who then miscarries. Another is shot in the bath, his killer almost too petrified to pull the trigger.

Jordan does not mope over injustice or dwell on reprisal. He is a crisp, unsentimental storyteller; you cannot but be moved. He has never lost more sleep over a film: "I'll never make a more important one. I wanted to make it as accurate as possible without completely killing it dramatically and I think I have. It is a very true film. I had to combine a few of the people into composite characters but in spirit it is correct, and anyone who knows anything about the period will see that.

"There is a revisionist view of Irish history, which Conor Cruise O'Brien would subscribe to, which says everything was fine and nobody should have been killed. But how often has independence been achieved without bloodshed? Very rarely. They could never win a conventional war. Remember, unlike now, these people had a mandate.

"Collins used force with great care, concentrating on the upper echelons of the establishment and the intelligence services, that is why he was so effective. He had no compunction in having someone killed if he felt they were a danger to him. And you have to remember most of these British agents were Irish."

History came back to haunt Jordan. "When the ceasefire ended I felt sick. First I thought: 'That's it.' Then I thought: 'No, it is even more important now that it is seen. People must know the why and how if it is to stop.'

"In the life of one person you can tell the events that formed the north and south of Ireland as they are today. I can only think that the reason it hasn't been made into a film before is the reticence and embarrassment after the brutality of the civil war, and the killing of Collins himself, and the political reticence because of the continuing conflict in the North. Not telling it will not help, it might do the opposite.

"The story had to be told through Collins's eyes. He was very young when he died and he was someone thrown up by the times. After the 1916 Rising, all these young guys emerged from rural and working-class backgrounds and they changed the whole politics of the country. They were making up the rules as they were going along. It's the story of the confusion of youth as much as anything else.

"The film is about the awfulness of the savagery and the absolute necessity of the savagery at the same time. The more I researched it, the more I was struck by the sheer heroism of the period allied to the appallingly intimate nature of the violence."

Roy Foster, Professor of Irish History at Oxford, and a leading revisionist, has reservations about this: "I balk at the idea of the absolute necessity of the carnage. That is a Nietzschean view of history, as if Collins were a superman thrown up by the times. His conditioning was less predictable, and more interesting than that. I think it owes a lot to his experience as an emigrant in London. He was a complex, talented character and a myth even before he died. To make him into a *film noir* hero or a Tarantino-style protagonist is not historically very convincing."

Jordan denies he has done this but agrees Collins was far from being anti-English and was in fact quite anti-clerical, unlike the chronically hung-up De Valera who wanted to turn the Republic into a confessional state. "During the treaty negotiations he took to English society and it took to him . . . But militarily Collins was good at mayhem, as he called it himself, and he basically made the British state unworkable. Allied to that capacity for violence was the ability to see when it had to stop and when political means and negotiations would be the only way forward. He died in his attempt to make that happen."

Stephen Woolley, Jordan's long-time producer, said: "We have a tendency to put our heads in the sand when it comes to Ireland. That must not happen with this movie. Collins has been an inspiration to so many — even the ANC studied him. The American reaction has been wonderful. It has got the second-best test ratings of any Warner picture ever. They just see it as the movies."

The film will get its first public screening later this month at the Venice Film Festival and will be released later in the year. Warners are giving it the full Oscar push.

Eoghan Harris, who scripted a rival Kevin Costner picture that lost the race with Jordan, and who has an almost visceral hatred of republicans, has no doubts of the potency of the story. Nor that during the treaty talks and the civil war Collins went through a Gethsemane of worry and grief. "There's no point in pretending there isn't the resonance of a young man almost the same age as Christ when he was crucified making his way to his own execution."

Jordan is now in his own Gethsemane. "I'm glad I made it but I'm not making any more films that have anything to do with Irish history. I've had enough."



Art of nature . . . One of Andy Goldsworthy's drystone sheepfolds, partly funded by a National Lottery grant, at Mungrisdale, Cumbria

PHOTOGRAPH: CHRIS THOMOND

Lottery pays out for moorland artistry

THE National Lottery achieved a novel double last week by launching pigs into the sky while paying £340,000 on artistic enclosures for sheep, *writes Martin Wainwright.*

The weekly gamble's persistent ability to generate interest — and taproom discussion — was borne out again by the start of Pigs Might Fly scratchcards with unprecedented odds of 1:3.97 for a win, and backing for a millennial network of sheepfolds.

The workaday drystone circles scattered across the Cumbrian fells from the Solway Firth to Coniston Water receive one of the biggest of a tranche of lottery grants from the Arts Council, which described the vast project as "undoubtedly art". The folds are the biggest fillip for the drystone-walling profession for years, with 30 jobs guaranteed until 2000.

Five years' work by the professional teams, directed by Yorkshire sculptor Andy Goldsworthy, aged 40, will see 100 sheepfolds restored or embellished with stone cones — ornamental slate and sculptural use of the lime, gritstone and other rocks that characterise the mountainous region.

Cumbria county council is raising the balance for the £680,000 project from the European Community.

Farmers in the fell country, who face persistent erosion of drystone walls by weather, leisure use and vigorous breeds of sheep, have formed a queue to apply for "Goldsworthying", according to Visual Arts in the North, which adopted the folds programme as part of a £70 million attempt to "crack the snobbery barrier between art galleries and the public". The artist has, however, resisted attempts to add corners to his circles to suit modern farmers, who find square pinfolds easier for catching sheep.

Mr Goldsworthy describes the project as in the great tradition of English landscape painting, with the landscape itself being used instead of a palette and brush. He said: "I think I am giving some of my best work to Cumbria, so I am delighted that this project is getting lottery support."

Notes & Queries Joseph Harker

WHY does drinking cider through a straw increase its intoxicating property?

DRINKING any alcohol through a straw, especially steadily and slowly, increases the amount of direct absorption through the tongue and oral mucosa. This alcohol is directly absorbed into the bloodstream, bypassing the liver. It thus avoids a first-pass metabolism that is the fate of any alcohol that is absorbed in the stomach and passes through the portal vein and liver before entering the general bloodstream. The effect is therefore faster and somewhat greater in magnitude. — *Nigel Bardsley, Snohomish, Washington, USA*

IN THE early part of this century, farmers were still making their own cider vinegar, which was stored in wooden barrels laid on their sides with a bung hole on top, to prevent the barrel from exploding as the cider turned into vinegar. As a child I remember climbing on top of the barrel and literally sucking cider through a straw for the first day or two before the acidity had increased to the state of vinegar. Modern cider, of course, has a preservative added to keep it from turning into vinegar. One would need more than a straw to make the intoxicating French cider of Normandy. — *Frances Moore, Blue Bell, Pennsylvania, USA*

WHY DO we use a tick-mark to indicate written agreement or approval?

IT IS a letter V, standing for the Latin *verus*, meaning true, and would be used by schoolmasters in the days when Latin played a prominent part in education. — *John Horsley, Cottingham, East Yorkshire*

WHY DO medical practitioners sometimes examine a male subject by thrusting their hands into his underpants and requesting him to cough?

IT IS usual first to ask the patient to drop his pants so as to confirm the diagnosis visually. It could be that doctors who omit this preliminary merely seek an excuse to warm their hands. — *Dr Bob Heys, Ripponden, Halifax*

THIS test allows the practitioner to examine for hernias. When you cough, the pressure in your abdomen is raised, which can force the abdominal contents out if the pressure is high enough. Two naturally occurring openings in the wall of the abdomen, just above the base of the penis, are a prime site for hernias. — *Gavin Dreyer, Wembley, Middlesex*

Any answers?

WHO, and on what authority and criteria, decides which documents and papers should be barred from public access for long periods, as often happens. Is there any right of appeal by the public? — *W K Purdie, Marlow, Buckinghamshire*

WHY are novels usually published in hardback first, at more than double the price of the paperback version? Why do we then have to wait for so long to buy a paperback copy? — *Sue Leyland, Hunmanby, North Yorkshire*

Answers should be e-mailed to weekly@guardian.co.uk, faxed to 0171/44171-242-0985, or posted to The Guardian Weekly, 75 Farringdon Road, London EC1M 3HQ

Letter from the Philippines Simon Taylor

The mourning after

IT STARTED as an ordinary day. We reported to the office sometime in the morning, the hour not being important in true Filipino style. Uncle Hiyadan, whose house we use as office space on a long-term campers' permit, welcomed us with his pom-pom hat on and announced that his dead mother would be brought to the residence later that afternoon.

In Ifugao tradition the dead are transported from one relative's house to another to give the whole extended family a chance to mourn. "Mourning" is a loose term, as the funeral is more like a fiesta, especially if the deceased is old. And this was the case with Uncle's mother. Born (apparently) in 1903 and the last of a generation, her death was a chance to really push the boat out.

So once we had removed ourselves from the office, the funeral entourage duly arrived. We heard it first — a clanging of gongs and the shouts of drunken old men leading the pack. Then we saw it — the coffin was propped up precariously on the shoulders of different-sized young men as they negotiated it down the stony path.

The "funeral" had already been going on for nine days and nights but we were assured our homeless status would last for only four days before the party continued on elsewhere. Fair enough. Then we found out they had been butchering a pig every day to feed the masses and that a cow and carabao would be consumed on Monday. For the poor people of this province this is a great financial burden — a pig is worth a couple of months' income, a cow much more. But Uncle's dead mother, Ina, had produced countless grand- and great-grandchildren, so respect was due.

The coffin was finally laid to rest in a makeshift parlour amid the office computers, decked out with garish wall hangings with Ina's full name spelt out in pink lettering taped to pieces of tinfoil. A double picture frame showed a youthful Ina in black and white and a more wrinkled portrait in colour. Inside the coffin, she had been made up to look 20 years younger than her last picture, with bright orange lipstick caked on to puckered lips and native earrings dangling from stiff lobes. The coffin had been adorned with beautiful native blankets, probably the first time she'd ever been near such expensive cloth.

The festivities began outside, beneath a tattered canvas that was leaking badly from a heavy afternoon downpour. The cries of the daily pig filled the air as it was dispatched unceremoniously into huge boiling vats. The cook, an old native priest, told us quietly but not so soberly: "We're not so civilised 'cos we burn the hair off. You see. Burn it all off. Not so civilised. No, definitely uncivilised." We had to disagree later when the very civilised tasting chunks of meat arrived. In between mouthfuls the priest announced in a deafening voice, "Pagan practice. It's the same as Catholicism. Oh yes. The seven Sacraments. They're all there. You see." Amen.

AFTER the rosary for the seventh sacrament, the gongs were warming up again and young men in camouflage shorts were spinning round drunkenly, arms flailing in supposed praise of those pagan deities that live beneath and above the earth. Bottles of beer and gin were consumed with great rapidity, the red stain of betel-chewing grew to pool-sized proportions in the dirt. Others gathered round gambling tables, where huge sums of money were being ferociously wagered. At one side the women and girls were having a more modest flutter at bingo. Everyone seemed unaware of Ina, lying inside with candle wax dripping on her coffin.

By 11pm we'd had enough festivity and peeled away quietly. To the hardcore mourners it would be shameful to miss one minute of the action and lolling old men were desperately fighting off sleep. Their gong-playing came in fits and bursts as they summoned up endless "second winds". The old women sat stoically in plastic chairs, oblivious to the noise, spitting red betel juice and agreeing with each other a lot.

The next morning we went back to assess the damage. Gambling was still going strong but some bodies were cheekily sprawled in Uncle's flowerbed getting some shut-eye. And despite Bon Jovi blaring out of the karaoke machine at the foot of the coffin, Ina hadn't stirred all night. Maybe she will by the end of the twentieth.

A Country Diary

Elizabeth Oltenacu

ITHACA, NEW YORK: The crow family's aerial reconnaissance of the neighbourhood has not been easy recently. Each black form is harried in turn by a determined bird barely a third of its size, whose raucous cries encourage the crow to flee. The mockingbird defended his nesting territory with vigour from these aerial predators. His duty done, he alights on my roof and begins a verbal assault on the neighbouring pair of mockingbirds. I could listen to this for hours. His confident, liquid voice delights me with a steady stream of birdsongs that blend seamlessly together. One moment, I am listening to a perfect cardinal imitation, then to two or three equally fluent birdsongs I cannot identify. Are they birds that sing in our woods, or does he learn them on his travels? Sporadically, he hops up from the roof, lets the wind catch his wings, then alights a couple of feet from his starting point. There is a blur as his rival, chastened by this display, slips away, but he is seen and chased with the same raucous abuse that was hurled at the crows. Sometimes there is a scuffle across the lawn, with the mockingbirds swirling and grappling with their feet. While the nest is active, my dog, my neighbours' cats, and even I will not be safe from the same abusive treatment. The mockingbird will descend on us like an avenging fury, and we will scurry to safety. But, some hot summer night, he will be forgiven. His voice will suddenly soar out of the blackness and he will serenade the night with a fluid stream of known and unknown songs. There is an aching loveliness in birdsong sung in solitude, in the stillness of the night.

When posh comes to shove

TELEVISION
Nancy Banks-Smith

WORDS to send a frisson of fear through the viewer — more ominous even than "And now over to Desmond Lynam" — are "Introducing talent new to television".

Remind me why the young are so miserable. I've forgotten. Endearingly, **Downward Nobility** (Channel 4), Dominic Allan's documentary in a season for new directors, was a cheerful little thing. It followed, Sophie, John and Tony, three blots on the family escutcheon.

Sophie Buchan Watt, flame-haired and vampire pale, is related to the Duke of Hamilton. Following what her mother calls a contretemps, she left for New York, where she works as an exotic dancer. Her manner is distrait. She says she's exploring the female icon.

The exotic dance was a flapper version of Happy Birthday Mr President. She wore mostly a dazed expression and a cocktail hat. I quite liked it.

The dinner party to welcome her home included a man explaining why cats fall on their feet and a doggedly cheery chap playing the banjo. Sophie and a friend were discussing a mutual boyfriend, tensely.

All the parents were superbly long suffering and, in Tony's case, even odder than their child. His mother prefers to call herself Lady Hamilton, and who wouldn't? She said: "Because you're a titled family, you want to have a certain amount of decorum. I mean, *Que será, será*." "I think I'll have a lemonade," said Mr Hamilton, retreating to the kitchen. "Not too much cider," said Lady Hamilton percipiently.

The Lady Guns (BBC1) is a documentary that has obviously hung about for a year not getting riper and riper, like a dead pheasant, but longer and longer, like a dead cat.

A kamikaze pheasant livened things up by trying to brain Fiona Martin, who had shot it. Her mother was also bombed by a bird, which fractured her skull. "And she still has slight double vision."

The Lady Guns suffered from the long shadow of a famous documentary, The Shooting Party. That was ferociously funny. This was very pretty. The countryside, melting with September mist, yoohooed over everyone's shoulder.

Women who shoot are tolerated with a very poor grace.

Amanda Congreve, pretty, debby, newly married and touchingly trying to share her husband's pleasures, got short shrift. "The only thing I slightly resent is that sometimes she still behaves a bit much of a sort of female." (You wouldn't guess Ralph was descended from *the* Congreve.) "To do it properly, she really needs to behave as a man would, then she will get far more respect."

The shooting instructor was very jokey about hormones, periods and maternity knickers. Surprising that more chaps don't get both barrels in the backside.

THE MISTS and frosty sunsets were elegiac. The landed gentry seem to feel a melancholy, long withdrawing roar as the tide turns against all blood sports.

They have a colourful ally in Eric Bettelheim, an American lawyer. He arrived to rally the troops and raise money for the shooting lobby. "Eighty to 85 per cent of the population of this country thinks that you are murderous bastards and that your motivation is bloodlust and greed. If you don't raise this money and if we don't spend it effectively, you are history."

The rows of foursquare Yorkshire faces looked solidly back.

The maharajahs, who preserved the Bandhavgarh forests of India to shoot tiger, are history now but the forest and the tiger are protected and survive.

Survival Special (Anglia) was Ashish Chandola's two-year record of this ravishing creature, with its choking groan that sounds like "Oh! Oh!"

The most powerful images were not of beauty nor terror. An old tiger limped towards death, its coat black, as if the stripes had closed like shutters, and a blind cub waited to die, lost in its own forest of the night.


Everything's peachy . . . but not for James

Strange fruit

CINEMA
Derek Malcolm

ROALD DAHL resisted several attempts to make **James and the Giant Peach** into a film. No doubt he feared soul-stripping Disneyfication. But Tim Burton and Henry Selick, makers of Nightmare Before Christmas, though working for Disney on this occasion, were never likely to comply with the usual rules.

Their film, a mixture of live action, stop-motion animation and computer-generated imagery, looks utterly unlike Hunchback Of Notre Dame, and inhabits a different world of expectation.

It needs to, in order to handle Dahl's weird plot about a young boy whose parents are eaten by an angry rhino, who then finds himself at the mercy of cruel, avaricious aunts. We enter even deeper realms of fantasy as James bites a magic peach and goes to live inside it with a bevy of outsize insects for protection.

It's a bit too near the bone to be accomplished in an orthodox way and James's adventures are tackled without a hint of sentimentality; instead, we are presented with animation that reminds us of classic European figures, like Starewitz. Typically, Disney's screenwriters have insisted on bookending live-action sequences, in which Miriam Margolyes and Joanna Lumley become over-the-top caricatures of themselves.

But it's the animation that counts; when James turns from Paul Terry into a 3D animated figure, the film reaches a new level of inventiveness with grasshoppers, centipedes, spiders and earthworms competing for our attention. The insects' voices include those of Simon Callow, Richard Dreyfuss, Susan Sarandon and David Thewlis. Set-pieces and minor detail are accomplished with great technical resource and flair for design.

The film portrays the rhino that eats James's parents as a nightmare figure and the peach a kind of drifting home from home. In the book, the boy's adventure is less coherent, more like a pungent dream.

That said, Burton and Selick have created some spectacular imagery. And at least a portion of Dahl's splendidly crooked view of childhood remains, despite the Randy Newman songs and the glib psychology. Like Nightmare Before Christmas, it's an uneven package. But when it's good, it's very good indeed.

The world may have had a terrible year in 1939, but it wasn't bad for cinema. In America, it was the year of Gone With The Wind, Capra's Mr Smith Goes To Washington, Ford's Stagecoach, and Hawks's His Girl Friday. In Japan Kenji Mizoguchi made The Story Of The Last Chrysanthemum and in Europe came Carné-Prévert's Le Jour Se Lève and Jean Renoir's **La Règle du Jeu.**

When Renoir's film was released, it was jeered by the public and derided by the critics. It was cut down from 113 to 90 minutes and finally banned for "demoralising". It took 20 years before it was shown again complete. And when it was, the reassessment began in earnest.

Even a cursory look at this masterpiece suggests how much the leaders of the French New Wave, intent on sweeping away the theatricality of what had gone before, took from Renoir.

This story of a country house weekend that progresses from farce into tragedy has almost everything: a deep appreciation of the vagaries of character; great human sympathy in spite of it's irony and satire; comment upon the state of society; and classical but daringly innovative film-making.

Such a catalogue of virtues sounds forbidding, but the film's touch is so sure that even watching it for the first time, which I hope many will, it is possible to be constantly surprised.

It takes the form of a novelistic confession; the man who makes it is Octave, played by Renoir himself. Octave is a music critic too lazy to be the virtuoso he might have been; he becomes the unwitting orchestrator of the tragedy.

The film has André, an aviator, persuading Christine, the neglected wife of the host, to elope. Wearing a coat borrowed from her maid, she is seen in the garden and mistaken by the gamekeeper for his faithless wife. Therein lies the tragedy, in which guests and servants share equally.

Octave also loves Christine and watches as everyone appears to betray everyone else. These are the rules of a bourgeois game illustrating through comedy the decadence of a crumbling society.

La Régle Du Jeu was the point at which, at least in Europe, the cinema cleared its throat and marched into a new age.

Hollywood's smartest 18-carat lady

OBITUARY
Claudette Colbert

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, who has died aged 92, was one of the greatest Hollywood stars of the 1930s, a leading exponent of screwball comedy who also proved adept in costume drama. If the enduring image of her will always be as the hitch-hiking runaway heiress in Frank Capra's It Happened One Night, her bath in ass's milk in Cecil B de Mille's The Sign Of The Cross lies at the other extreme.

Colbert was born in Paris, but her parents, Georges and Jeanne Chauchoin, took Claudette to America when she was three. She was educated at Washington Irving High School, New York, then studied at the Art Students League before making her stage debut as Sybil Blake in The Wild Westcotts in 1923.

She made her first Hollywood film, For The Love Of Mike, co-starring Ben Lyon and directed by Frank Capra, in 1928. She arrived on the scene, with five years' stage experience, just at the moment when studios were panicking about the transition from silent to sound movies.

After a few other films, notably opposite Maurice Chevalier in The Big Pond and Dorothy Arzner's Honour Among Lovers, Colbert was teamed with Chevalier again in Ernst Lubitsch's The Smiling Lieutenant, one of the most perfect of the early Hollywood operetta-films. Colbert played Franzi, the leader of an all-girls string orchestra playing in a Vienna Heurigen.

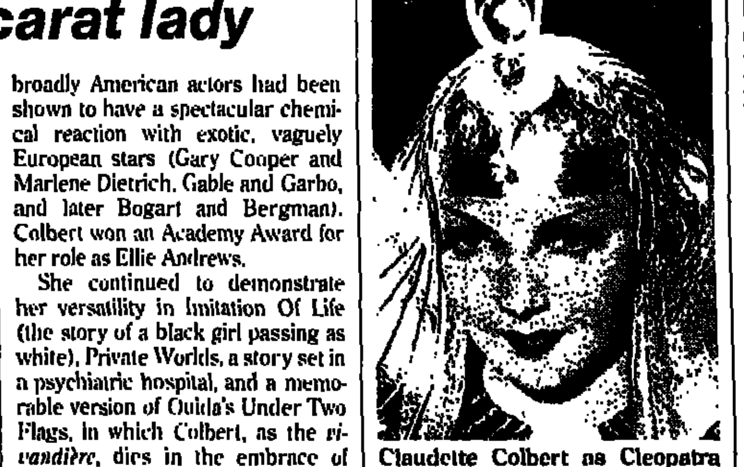
The script — unusually for then, or any time — allowed the original sad ending, in which Franzi is abandoned by her dashing lover, who settles for marriage with a princess. When the film was revived, a packed house at the National Film Theatre caught its breath as Colbert uttered the line: "Girls who stay for breakfast seldom get invited back for supper."

Several films followed, culminating in the title role in Cleopatra. When Frank Capra teamed Colbert with Clark Gable in It Happened One Night he achieved the same sort of electricity on screen that had already been a success when other broadly American actors had been shown to have a spectacular chemical reaction with exotic, vaguely European stars (Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich, Gable and Garbo, and later Bogart and Bergman). Colbert won an Academy Award for her role as Ellie Andrews.

She continued to demonstrate her versatility in Imitation Of Life (the story of a black girl passing as white), Private Worlds, a story set in a psychiatric hospital, and a memorable version of Ouida's Under Two Flags, in which Colbert, as the *vivandière*, dies in the embrace of Ronald Colman, who asks her if she is suffering pain. "Not when I'm in your arms," she replies — delivered with a superb low, contralto tone.

In the late thirties, Colbert appeared in three of her most enjoyable films: Lubitsch's Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Mitchell Leisen's Midnight, in which leading men were John Barrymore and Don Ameche ("I had a feeling you had a feeling," Colbert's line to Ameche, became one of her most famous utterings) and then George Cukor's Zaza.

The late 1940s found Colbert cast as Shirley Temple's mother (in


Claudette Colbert as Cleopatra in 1934

Since You Went Away), and then in a series of forgettable films. She returned to the stage in Noël Coward's Island Fling at the Country Playhouse, Westport, Connecticut.

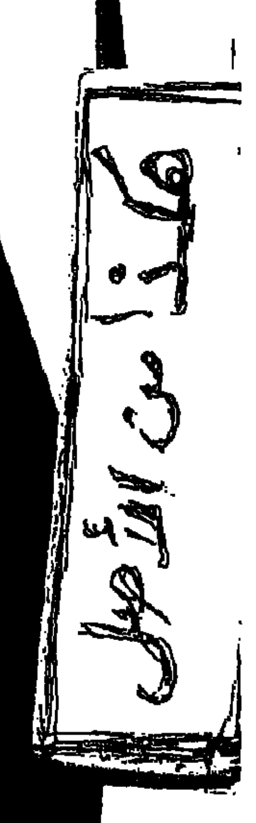
She had previously appeared on television opposite Coward in Blithe Spirit, co-starring Lauren Bacall. Like many before and after her, Colbert incurred Coward's wrath by not arriving word-perfect, insisting on being photographed from her "best side" and, as Coward wrote in his diary, "she wore tangerine lace, black and pearls and a grey ghost dress that would have startled Gypsy Rose Lee". At the final rehearsal, Colbert told Coward: "Don't worry, dear, you'll never have to see me again after Saturday." But they remained friends when Coward moved to Jamaica.

Twice married — in 1928 to the actor Norman Foster and then in 1935 to Dr Joel J Pressman, who died in 1968 — Colbert became a social lioness at her Bellerive retreat in Barbados. In 1982, Louise Brooks commented to John Kobal: "I hear the Reagans are visiting Claudette Colbert . . . where'd she get all that dough?"

Kobal called Colbert "one of the shrewdest women in Hollywood", and Irene Dunne wrote: "She'd finish a movie on Saturday and begin wondering what she was doing on Monday." For Hedda Hopper, who played with Claudette Colbert in Midnight in 1939, she was "the smartest, canniest, smoothest 18-carat lady I've ever seen cross the Hollywood pike."

Patrick O'Connor

Claudette Lily Chauchoin (Colbert), actress, born September 13, 1903; died July 30, 1996



In good company

Peter Hall tells **Michael Billington** about his plans to reinstate actor-led, text-driven theatre at the Old Vic

DOOR chimes, phone rings, in comes company, as they sing in the Sondheim musical, Company. And into the British theatre, at a time when the freelance ethos is almost universal, comes a bold new attempt to create a permanent company.

Peter Hall announced last week that he is to take over London's Old Vic in March, with Dominic Dromgoole — a new plays specialist and former director of the Bush pub theatre — as his assistant. They will present an initial 10-play season (five classics, five new works) with a team of 15 actors. It will be a seven-day-a-week operation with minimal sets, modest prices and enlightened patronage from the Old Vic's Canadian owner, David Mirvish.

At a time when the subsidised theatre is forced to think commercially, it is staggering to find a commercial theatre operating on old-fashioned subsidised principles. But, as Hall explained to me, the idea springs from a mixture of personal need and strong dissatisfaction with the status quo.

"I feel a certain evangelical zeal to re-instate the idea of a company and to return to an actor-led, text-driven theatre rather than a designer or concept-led theatre. The general trend in the last 15 years has been, by the lights of my youth, increasingly culinary. I think it is much more decorated and visually expansive than is good for it.

"I don't think theatre can compete with Spielberg and there is not much point in trying. So obviously there is a missionary element behind it. But the main thing is that I feel I've got one more thing in me and that thing is that I'd like to return to the idea of creating a company," Hall says.

Flesh has yet to be put on the bones of his vision, in that the plays and actors have still to be announced, but the structure is firmly intact. Five classic plays will be fed into an accumulating repertory, starting next March. Alongside them will be five new plays commissioned by Dominic Dromgoole, obviously utilising his contacts from the Bush Theatre. Each new play will have six performances a month.

If a play takes, it will go into the repertory. "The idea of the six performances," says Hall, "is not to make new plays the poor relation, but to minimise the risk to us and the writer: what we can offer dramatists is a large cast, a large space and the possibility of a long life for their work."

Flexibility is the name of the game. Hall is dismayed by the way, in the big companies, time and money are consumed by tearing down sets and putting them back up. As he says, we don't have real repertory now: plays are done in blocks of four performances at a time. But, at the Vic, John Gunter and Mark Henderson (respectively head of design and lighting) will be commissioned to create a quasi-permanent background in which changes can be made in the hour between a matinée and evening performance.

Although Hall isn't ready yet to announce his repertory, he drops some heavy hints. "There are several Shakespeare plays I haven't done: Lear, As You Like It and Much Ado, and I want to revisit the Henry IVs. I've also never directed a Shaw except for Man And Superman on radio; I'd like to do a full version of that on stage, as well as Major Barbara and Widowers' Houses.

"I'd also love to do Waiting For Godot again after 40 years. I've written down 31 plays I'd like to do, but I suspect the first season will be largely mainstream classics with the counterpoint of new plays."

It is, as Hall is well aware, a high-risk venture. "It's not a subsidised theatre or a sponsored theatre. It depends on patronage. Because what the Mirvishes are saying is that 'If you lose money, it will stop. We're not expecting you to make money but if you balance the books, do something people want to see and write a little chapter in the Old Vic's history, that's fine by us.'

"It's a unique situation but I'd also pay tribute to Bill Kenwright, who's been godfather to the whole operation, and who will have first choice of any commercial exploitation of new plays and who has been unswervingly loyal. Who else would have allowed me to put on a full-length Hamlet or Lysistrata in the West End?"

Hall won't reveal the cost of the operation. But with some actors being paid more than at the National or the Royal Shakespeare Company, with a top ticket-price of £19 and with a box-office break-even point of 65 per cent of the Vic's capacity, it is hard to see how the Mirvishes can expect to get much change from a couple of million pounds.

Hall's timing, as ever, is extremely shrewd. He will be relaunching an ambitious classic-and-new-play programme at a time when the Royal Shakespeare Company will be leaving the Barbican for the summer and when the National, with the handover from Richard Eyre to Trevor Nunn, will be in transition.

He insists he is not in competition with friends and colleagues: he believes there is a large enough audience for all of them. But the key point is that he is restoring the company idea at a time when British theatre is vitiated by short-termism and by one-off, TV-dominated casting.

Sir Peter Hall looking forward to the Old Vic PHOTOGRAPH: SEAN SMITH

Legally unbound

THEATRE
Michael Billington

THE Chichester Festival audience chuckled and gurgled merrily at Jude Kelly's sprightly, starry revival of J B Priestley's 1938 play When We Are Married: not altogether unreasonably since the play is a familiar comedy about three stuffy Yorkshire couples who discover, in the course of their silver wedding, that they were never legally hitched.

Priestley's target, as in An Inspector Calls, is bourgeois sanctimoniousness and hypocrisy. The three couples pride themselves on their chapel-going respectability but the men, in particular, turn on a gallivanting organist with vicious priggishness. And their marriages are all seen to be based on a lie. A pompous alderman has picked up a fancy woman in Blackpool. A sententious councillor is revealed as a miserly tyrant who has suppressed his wife's capacity for joy. Even the cowed, henpecked Herbert Soppitt is shown to be a worm who for years has been longing to turn. Strip away the pious middle-class façade, suggests Priestley, and what you find is misery, mean-spiritedness and bullying.

Priestley's weakness is that he fails to follow the plot through to its logical conclusion: he uncovers a cesspit and then strews it with a bed of roses. After Annie, the councillor's wife, for instance, has condemned her supposed husband as selfish, stingy, dull, dreary and conceited you might expect her to slam the door like Ibsen's Nora. Instead Priestley restores the status quo. You could take this as an ironically happy ending, in which bourgeois love of stability triumphs over yearning for freedom; in reality, Priestley seems to surrender to the conventions of West End comedy.

But, even if Priestley suppresses the hornets' nest he has stirred up, Jude Kelly's production makes it clear this is a play about bad marriages and middle-class parlour-power: Robert Jones's crimsoned sitting-room is filled with symbolically stuffed animals. Dawn French gives her best stage performance to date as the autocratic Mrs Soppitt who advances on Paul Copley's shrinking husband like a host of avenging Furies.

The plum part, of course, is that of the press photographer, Henry Ormonroyd, played by Leo McKern with the stately dignity of a tipsy porpoise. McKern sets up his tripod with the ostentatious precision of the true drunk and, even if he sometimes growls his lines semi-audibly, he makes something quietly moving out of the sottish snapper's reminder of our common mortality.

What Kelly's production proves is that Priestley was always a Yorkshire moralist with a hatred of middle-class cant and fake piety. It is not her fault that the clap-happy Chichester audience treats every exit as an excuse for another round.

Old devilry at Russian reunion

PROMS
Andrew Clements

GENNADI ROZHDESTVENSKY was chief conductor of the BBC Symphony Orchestra between 1978 and 1981, when he gained a reputation not only for the inspirational unpredictability of his performances but also for the flair and quirks of his programming. Reunited with his old orchestra for last week's prom, he demonstrated he had lost none of his old devilry — who else would have begun a concert with a Bruckner symphony and ended it with a suite of film music, sandwiching some Stravinsky between them?

His instincts, as ever, were the right ones. Nothing could really follow Schnittke's Dead Souls Suite, which Rozhdestvensky himself arranged two years ago from the score composed in 1983 for a Soviet film of Gogol's novel. The sequence of nine movements is a surreal parade of the contradictory ingredients of Schnittke's musical language — there's a brittle polka recalling the early satirical ballets of Shostakovich, a funeral march with heavy Mahlerian overtones, a march that could have been left over from Weill's Threepenny Opera, and a sickly sweet lament.

However black the imagery, though, the composer's tongue seems to be firmly in his cheek, and Rozhdestvensky's theatrical presentation of the suite, as he choreographed internecine struggles between the strings, and conducted a love-hate relationship with the pianist in the orchestra, left no doubts about his reading of its seriousness. It's a party piece for the conductor, as much as for the orchestra.

Certainly it all seemed worlds away from Stravinsky's Capriccio for piano and orchestra, in which the soloist had been Rozhedestvensky's wife, Victoria Postnikova. That in itself is a quirky piece, never really deciding whether it is the 18th or the 19th century which it is evoking so fondly, and only really gelling into a genuine dialogue between the orchestra and the piano in the final movement, but Postnikova took all the technical sleights of hand with aplomb.

Before the interval Rozhdestvensky had eased himself into Bruckner 2 with relaxed flexibility. Of all the symphonies, it's the one in which the ghosts of Haydn and Schubert seem to hover most obviously, and the way in which this performance let light and air into all the textures and gave the melodies a lilt and a buoyancy emphasised those Viennese roots.

The problems of the finale, of how to reconcile its lyrical material with its brasher, brass-led triumphalism, may not have been quite solved, though both groups of themes were shaped with great love and care, but there was a huge amount to admire in all four movements.

Calling all artists

ART
Carl Freedman

THE Whitechapel Open in London can be an overwhelming assault on the senses. A lucky-dip bag of clashing artistic styles that leaves you numbed, with blurred vision, as you stumble for the door. This year the selectors have opted for a more restrained version, focusing their gaze on works with an up-to-date contemporary feel, and co-opted four other venues to provide much needed additional space.

At the rather swanky Delfina Gallery in Bermondsey, there's a pretty conventional group show which lacks real conviction, though James Reilly's intriguingly strange portraits are worth an extra look. They are the kind of painting that creep up on you, looking quite innocent in washed-out pastels, until you sense the presence of a disturbing under-tow — the wrong body proportions, dead eyes, and alien-like, pock-marked skin.

Recent graduate Andrew Mount's work, installed in The Showroom (Bonner Road, London E2), seems profoundly reserved. Sheets of glass, hardboard, plastic, and lengths of wood have been leant, stacked together, or propped up in a series of temporary compositions. The materials are acquired in an ad hoc manner and are usually found in skips or the street. Mount clearly has an assured touch, transforming the humdrum with elegance and poise.

The 100 or so artists showing in the Whitechapel Gallery itself give the Open more of its usual eclectic mix. The bright splashy splodges of Albert Irivin jostle for position alongside scruffy rag dolls, photo-realist illusions, living apple trees, coloured penguin candles, and surrealist interiors. The noisy relationship between the contrasting works finds expression in Stella Christie's wonderful diptych of a telephone conversation. On one side, a stupidly smiling face expressing a dumb unassailable contentment. On the other, a man shouting down the mouthpiece with perspiring anger.

Ironic indifference, futility, uncertainty, and a predilection for the found object underline the collection of works at Commercial Two (Folgate Street, London E1). Nik Ramage's Brick could be seen as the signature piece — a crudely carved four-inch wooden head attached to a tatty old motor, rocking back and forth in headbutting motion against a single red brick, whilst the chipboard and walking stick sculpture, Anchor, by Andrew Bannister, is a wonderfully understated study of infirmity and despair.

With more than 1,000 other artists showing in the attendant studio shows, the Open is of epic proportions. Covering an ocean-sized chunk of London, it may appear daunting. Take a deep breath and plunge in.

When posh comes to shove

TELEVISION
Nancy Banks-Smith

WORDS to send a frisson of fear through the viewer — more ominous even than "And now over to Desmond Lynam" — are "Introducing talent new to television".

Remind me why the young are s[illegible] miserable. I've forgotten. Ep[illegible] this ingly, Downward Nobility [illegible] James Pat- 4). Dominic Allan's doc[illegible] not to be a season for new [illegible] is that Ameri- cheerful little [illegible] prosperity was the Sophie, John[illegible] factor in their lives on the fa[illegible] mid-forties and the mid- Son[illegible] At first they were cautious ho[illegible] and unbelieving, remembering the Great Depression; but as the boom continued it bred "grand expectations", "large expectations", "ever-larger expectations" (the phrases occur and recur, a leitmotiv).

They came to take affluence for granted; they thought it a right, not a stroke of good luck; and this, in turn, created a "rights-consciousness", in which everyone (also inspired by the example of the civil rights revolution) claimed a bigger slice of pie and, to an extraordinary extent, got it. But then it all went wrong. Individuals and groups began to quarrel over their gains, and success also bred arrogance — hence the Vietnam catastrophe. Under the triple shock of the war, Watergate and the economic crisis of 1973, the post-1945 consensus fell apart, and the United States has long shadow of a famous d[illegible] ever tary, The Shooting Par[illegible] ferociously funny. [illegible] tale, but one pretty. The co[illegible] moral, for it is curi- with Septe[illegible] identify the mistakes over eve[illegible] eventually undid the high Wo[illegible] of the people and their lead- wi[illegible] The Vietnam policy was undoubtedly one, and the biggest of all. But millions of Americans, by their own personal decisions, did most to shape the history of the period.

Patterson is the least pretentious of historians, but what he seems to be presenting to us is a demonstration of the terrible inevitability of history. At one point he explicitly questions the importance of presidential leadership: he thinks it is too often exaggerated. The point applies more widely, as he also shows by his insistence on the importance of change driven from below, as for example in the civil rights struggle. History in this way may be seen as a phenomenon, not a process; but fortunately Patterson also seems to think that on the whole the gains were worth the price paid for them in blood, treasure and domestic upheaval. America was a better place in 1974 than it had been 20 years earlier. It is an exhilarating thought.

To read this chronicle is to watch the modern world unfold: the centrality of the United States to the history of the 20th century will seem undeniable, and the absurdity of those like Eric Hobsbawm who try to thrust American history to the margin will be equally apparent;



Great expectations . . . Americans came to take affluence for granted

but for that very reason it is a pity that Patterson says comparatively little about America's place among the nations. To give one small instance: tourism does not figure in the index, yet in its current form it is essentially an American invention, and a mighty important one too. But I have no other quarrel with Patterson's design. It should be said that on the whole he integrates social and cultural history quite superbly with that of politics and diplomacy; indeed he makes it his foundation.

He is a notable scholar of the period but his major achievement here is to synthesise the labours of two generations of historians and other social scientists.

Dr Patterson is a conspicuously clear and easy writer, but fainthearts may be daunted by the size of the ground which he covers. If so, they will be foolish, for this is not just a volume to look things up in. It is a comprehensive treatment of an immensely important subject, and the handling is a lesson in itself.

He never makes unsustainable generalisations, but manages to qualify every assertion without falling into insipidity: his judgments are never empty. His humour is deadpan but inescapable, and his professionalism is so nice that it is impossible to be sure of his politics. Until time forces us all to change our minds, his book will stand as an all-but-definitive account of its subject.

Paperbacks

Nicholas Lezard

Confessions of an Ivy League Bookie, by Peter Alson (4th Estate, £7.99)

TRUE-LIFE story which begins with Alson, aged 30, staring down failure's barrel and whacking morosely off to videos with titles like Hot And Nasty, who gets invited by a friend to become a bookmaker. (Note that this is actually illegal in the US, for some reason.) Having been to Harvard, he gets taunted by his sleazy and screwed-up fellow bookies; but as they are all New York wiseacres their banter is incredibly sharp and funny, the cops who finally arrest them having the best lines of all ("We got ourselves an Ivy Leaguer. Too many fucking doctors and lawyers, right? Let me see, think I'll go into bookmaking"). I could have done with less of the material about his problematic relationship with his girlfriend, but hey, those are the breaks.

From Wimbledon to Waco, by Nigel Williams (Faber, £5.99)

IN WHICH the gently comic novelist recounts his family holidays in America. By "gently comic" I mean that you will not be often troubled by anything so explosive as a laugh. I don't understand why this man is thought to be funny, let alone a "comic genius" (Sunday Telegraph). One can only have so much studied banality and suburban timorousness (that disease endemic to the middle class which the Germans call "Threshold angst"). It's like discovering that Pooter was a real person.

Ethics, by Benedict de Spinoza, ed & trs Edwin Curley, int Stuart Hampshire (Penguin Classics, £6.99)

VERY WELCOME addition to the Penguin Classics series, even though some of his propositions seem dauntingly obscure. When people complain that philosophy has, these days, degenerated into a private language, they are perhaps forgetting how long it is necessary to stare at a sentence like "No attribute of a substance can be truly conceived from which it follows that the substance can be divided" before it even begins to make sense. I've been looking at that for two weeks and even now I'm not sure.

The Purloined Clinic: Selected Writings, by Janet Malcolm (Papermac, £12)

I DIDN'T know much about Malcolm until I opened this book: she was one of those people who wrote those sadistically long essays for the New Yorker which made one feel relieved not to read. In book form, however, these same pieces (written between 1978 and 1990) become engrossing, whether she is writing about psychoanalysis, art (able to say, in 1986, that "God seems to have switched to gray as the colour of virtue") or Kundera; she even makes a biography of Edmund Gosse look interesting.

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Little Winston's father

Julian Critchley

His Father's Son: The Life of Randolph Churchill
by Winston Churchill
Weidenfeld and Nicholson 514pp
£20

THE CHURCHILL family, drunk or sober, is one of the most profitable cottage industries. The Great Winston wrote a filial biography not only of his remarkable ancestor the Duke of Marlborough, but of his father, Randolph, as well. Little Randolph, son of Winston, began the biography of his father which was finished by Dr Martin Gilbert. Now "Little" Winston has written a biography of his father, Randolph. The process seems never-ending.

Winston's book is much better than I expected. Little Winston, as he is known in the Commons, has had a relatively undistinguished career, thrown into relief by the success of his cousin, Nicholas Soames.

Little Winston was promoted in the late seventies to the opposition front bench by a sympathetic party leader, but he did not shine, and soon fell out with Mrs Thatcher over Rhodesia. And Winston, who was every bit as rude to the Labour defence team as he was to the Soviets, was never really missed.

Randolph was a pain in the butt. As a young man he was beautiful, but a life of debauchery played havoc with his face and figure, and his natural rudeness destroyed what hope of a political career he ever had. He seemed to go out of his way to offend everyone, from prime ministers downwards, reserving his more intense fire for those who were not in a position to answer back — waiters, foreigners and research assistants.

And yet that is only one half of the picture. He had a capacity not only to make enemies but to make friends. It seemed that as a young man of spirit, brought up as an only son, in the stultifying shadow of the greatest man of the age, he could either sink or swim. He did neither; he spent a lifetime treading water.

The "young Winston" does his father justice, never avoiding the devils that consumed him, but paying a proper tribute to his father's energy, bravery and élan. Frustrated in politics, Randolph became a superb journalist: fearless and of good judgment. Among his favourite targets were the newspaper barons, and who deserved greater censure than they? What would he have made of Murdoch and of Black? That he should be alive this day.

The most interesting part of Little Winston's book is his tale of Randolph's wartime exploits, especially in what was once Yugoslavia. The combination of Britain's greatest fighting soldier (Fitzroy Maclean) in the company of its greatest novelist (Evelyn Waugh), and its most disappointed man (Randolph) is worth the whole volume.

Randolph and Winston were not on good terms when his father died. Yet the final chapter of Randolph's rumbustious life is perhaps the best written of the book. Frankly, I did not think Winston had it in him, and I doff my hat. But who will write his biography? Nicholas Soames?

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It's off to work we go

Jim Davies

The Office
by Elisabeth Pélegrin-Genel
Flammarion 216pp £28

APPARENTLY, the office will soon have gone the way of the outside toilet. Tomorrow we'll all be wandering around with tele-modems and touch-sensitive keyboards tacked on to our wrists, and our digital avatars will clock into the virtual office to do all our work for us — probably in half the time we can manage it.

In some ways then, The Office represents a curious monument to a bygone era of typing pools, brilliantined clerks and blotting paper, when obsequious employees lustily sang the company song and were cowed by the size of the boss's cigar.

This is a book full of whimsical facts and figures: it claims, for instance, that 8 per cent of fights between office employees have led to fatalities, 20 per cent to post-traumatic stress; it highlights research in the US which suggests that sexual attraction between colleagues "with or without sexual contact" improves productivity.

It is visually eclectic, too, imaginatively raiding the archives for film stills from the likes of Metropolis and Tony Hancock's The Rebel, and using paintings such as Hopper's "Office At Night" and Norman Rockwell's "Window Cleaner" to emphasise textual points.

For the main part, though, we are presented with page after page of immaculately photographed office interiors (all inexplicably empty); the banal and the bizarre, in every conceivable style from Art Deco and Bauhaus to Zen and Futurist — a kind of Elle Deco meets Management Today.

The Office's main failing is that it doesn't know whether it's a coffee-table tome or a sociological treatise, and it ends up falling between those two desks. The author, Elisabeth Pélegrin-Genel, is a distinguished architect and psychologist. Flitting uneasily from one discipline to the other, she describes the evolution of the office in architectural and design terms expertly enough, but comes unstuck in her attempts at simultaneous pop psychology. Crucial developments, such as the advent of the open-plan office and its subsequent effect on company culture, are scantily addressed, whereas a whole section is devoted to writers' favouring of sparse, monastic work spaces.

Most advances in office design have been in Scandinavia and the US. There's an over-abundance of Gallic offices in this book, which was first published in France — mostly sumptuous ministerial bureaux, dripping with old masters and gilt and mirrors. This could almost be forgiven, however, for the wonderful full-page photograph of the late President François Mitterrand working at a simple Pierre Paulin desk, dwarfed by the most extravagant candelabra — a lonely man bowed by the expectations of office.

These gripes aside, The Office is a handsome, entertaining and sporadically informative book — a homage to the space in which many of us, for better or worse, pass much of our lives.

Glasgow's doomed visionary

Harriet Stewart

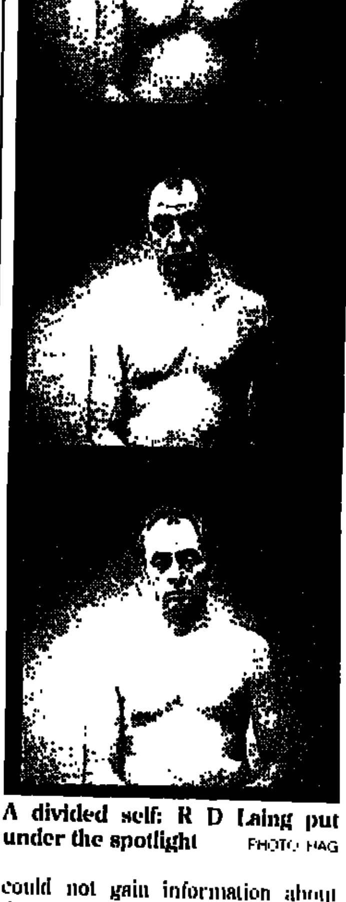
The Wing of Madness
by Daniel Burston
Harvard University Press 275pp
£21.95

R D Laing: A Divided Self
by John Clay
Hodder & Stoughton 308pp £20

IT IS often said that true doctors prefer the company of their patients to that of their colleagues, and psychiatrists prefer those who are mentally ill to those who are not. One of the projects of the psychiatrist R D Laing (Sanity, Madness And The Family) investigated the families of schizophrenics to see how they differed from "normal" families. Although Laing did some useful research into the behaviour of the former, he was unable to stomach the latter.

Normal families "were just so dead and stifling and, at the same time, it was very hard to describe what the deadening was. So it was difficult to say what the difference between the two was, except that in the normal family nobody cracked up." It was because of his hostility to normality that Laing was, in the 1960s and 1970s, the only psychiatrist of whom many people had heard. He became a guru after the publication of his most famous books, The Divided Self, Sanity, Madness And The Family and The Politics Of Experience. Once a Fontana Modern Master, jostling Freud and Wittgenstein on the shelves, Laing now seems more of a historical curiosity than an intellectual pioneer.

Two new appraisals describe all that was not normal about Laing's upbringing. He was born in Glasgow in 1927, an only child. Bizarrely, his parents always insisted that they had ceased all sexual activity ages before his conception. His mother concealed her pregnancy from her family until the day of his birth. Her odd behaviour continued into Laing's childhood. She would sometimes take him on elaborate detours through Glasgow, in order to avoid malevolent influences lurking in certain streets. Household rubbish was burned so that the neighbours could not gain information about the family.



A divided self: R D Laing put under the spotlight PHOTO: HAG

Until 13, Laing shared a room with his mother, while his father was relegated to a small back room. His family did not pay or receive calls, and Laing described first going to school as an "absolutely ecstatic experience". He went on to Glasgow medical school.

Laing's early medical experiences were brutalising and are well depicted in Clay's and Burston's accounts. Observing medical students and doctors toughening themselves against the distress of others, he began to criticise a system of medical care that distanced itself from the patients' pain and anxiety. In his own practice, he was conspicuous for his empathic relationships with patients. He tried to enter the worlds of schizophrenics in order to communicate with them.

Laing showed that it was possible to treat mentally ill patients with more humanity. "Would psychiatrists, were they ill, want to be admitted to their own wards?" was his characteristic challenge.

Burston's elegant account of these early years has a measured thoughtfulness, alongside which Clay's chattier style suffers. Clay comes into his own in his descriptions of Laing's later attempt to found a community, Kingsley Hall, in which mentally ill people could live in harmony in the company of therapists. Here no restrictive doctor-patient relationship would obstruct genuine communication, and people would be able to come and go as they pleased. A psychotic breakdown was seen as an existential crisis from which an individual could reach a more authentic way of being, rather than a physical illness treatable with drugs.

The therapists living at Kingsley Hall were for the most part Laing's acolytes, young Americans keen to test out his theories. Free expression was the rule. Kingsley Hall became a Mecca for hippies, junkies and visiting celebrities.

Clay describes, rather realistically I suspect, a world of Hampstead analysts, taking LSD and sharing houses with new partners plus the ex-wife and kids. The resultant rows and dismay evidently provided yet more opportunity for free expression.

The Wing Of Madness is the more scholarly and articulate book, concerned as much with Laing's work as with the life. Yet even Burston has difficulty in drawing a legacy from Laing's work. Thirty-six years after the publication of The Divided Self, psychiatrists have found physiological models of schizophrenia more convincing than environmental ones.

Laing indeed cast himself as a visionary who was doomed to be spurned and misunderstood by his peers. Ironically, his vision was itself an old one: that by the mere exercise of the therapist's understanding and humanity a person might be cured.

The contemporary cowboy capitalist

Jonathan Romney

Rebel: The Life and Legend of James Dean
by Donald Spoto
HarperCollins £18

HE WAS "not an extraordinary person in real life", James Dean's flatmate said of him. "If anything, he was rather bothersome." In fact, Dean emerges from Donald Spoto's biography as *extraordinarily* bothersome: a poseur, careerist and world-class sulkpot. Spoto's title promises another reverent dabble in the myth of the transcendent tearaway, but by the end there's very little legend left. What emerges is a talented, but desperately limited, young actor with a severe case of "success poisoning".

Dean sounds like he needed a good slap; if you believe the gossip, that's what he liked. The teen-saint purity has been challenged by the legend of the "Human Ashtray", a gay hustler with S&M propensities. You might expect more of the same from Spoto, who chronicled Hitchcock's sexual repression and Laurence Olivier's romance with Danny Kaye. But he pleads with impeccable courtroom logic that where no evidence exists, there is no story.

Dean's liaisons with both sexes are duly covered, but there's a much juicier story here, of an incorrigibly immature boy trying to carve out an identity from diverse models. On the fictional side, he identified with Billy the Kid and The Little Prince. He idolised Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift. It's bitterly ironic that the boy who became an icon so much larger than his heroes could be fairly described as Hollywood's first great wannabe.

Dean's early years are ordinary almost to the point of parody. Spoto shows him enthralled at the tales of Paul Bunyan and Johnny Appleseed but defuses from the start the image of the simple Indiana farm boy; he lets us know that Indiana was no peachy heartland, but a hotbed of violent crime from way back. He similarly dissects Billy the Kid's career, the economic and ideological climate of post-war America, and the commercial institution of the Teenager.

When it comes to the legendary films, Spoto is as enthusiastic as other commentators, if a touch lukewarm on Giant. But about the boy himself, he can be relishably scathing: commenting on one letter, he rebukes "the feeble attempt to sound enlightened and erudite".

On the post-mortem idolatry, Spoto doesn't spread his cultural net wide enough — there's a catalogue of actors influenced by him, but nothing about the generations of rockers who cribbed his act.

Spoto excels, however, in his final reading of Dean as a socio-economic phenomenon of post-war America. Dean's self-absorption and individualism make him no sort of dissident, but a purely conventional product of his time. "No threat at all," Spoto calls him — "a contemporary cowboy capitalist."

Barefoot boffins

John Vidal

The Spears of Twilight
by Philippe Descola
HarperCollins 458pp £20

Savages
by Joe Kane
HarperCollins 273pp £16.99

ALL OVER the eastern Amazon, chaotic frontier wars are grumbling. Sometimes they flare into short, sharp military affairs between countries, but mostly they are between tribal minorities and the harbingers of global economic change — timber, oil, cattle companies, backed by their respective, if less than respectful, governments. The frontline these days is in rickety Ecuadorean, Colombian and Peruvian shanty towns, along newly cut roads and in forest clearings. The casualties, as ever, are the indigenous.

It is an inglorious, messy conquest that has been going on for generations but is now reaching an inevitable conclusion as the last doors of the Amazon are prised open by international finance, rampant globalism and religion. And just as the heavy, homogenous hand of Western political and economic orthodoxy inevitably pollutes the culture and cosmology of everything it settles on, so we are learning just what we are losing.

These days our eyes and ears are those of a new breed of barefoot social anthropologists, ethnologists, human rights workers and environmentalists. Men such as the Scot Alan Toraig Campbell, the American Darryl Posey and now the French Philippe Descola have spent long, ascetic years living with remote peoples on these frontlines of civilisation, meticulously chronicling the societies they have come to know.

Their reports read better than most fiction. What makes these new observations of "savage" societies so chilling and exciting is that they show us how socially and politically narrow we have become. Descola's The Spears Of Twilight throws wise doubt on Western notions of time, heritage, power, authority and rule. His 16-year association with the notoriously warlike, reputedly head-hunting Achuar people is a massive classic of modern anthropology.

The Achuar are one of the last Jivaro tribes still continuing their tribal vendettas unhindered on the forest borders of Ecuador and Peru. When Descola first went there in the seventies, little was known of them even by people living a few miles from their encampments. Other tribes feared them. The myths suggested that they were a jealous, bloodthirsty nation, their wildness intact.

Descola is an intellectual with dirty feet. Trained by Claude Lévi-Strauss, he and his mysterious, barely credited companion "Anne Christine" throw themselves into Achuar society with commendable naivety and honesty. After initial incomprehension, Descola is amazed at the emotional sophistication and intellectual diversity he finds: here is a society that lives by its dreams and places the very highest value of social philosophy on the realisation of an individual's destiny, freely mastered and within the reach of everyone.

Above all, he finds the Achuar are a people without memory. Remembrance is feared, the past is irrelevant and the future is viewed with indifference. Everything, he discovers, is bent to the demands of the Achuars' immediate interests. The Achuar do not distinguish between man and nature; their world is structured on the type of exchange that they can establish with all its diverse inhabitants, each of which — animal, vegetable or mineral — is invested with a greater or lesser existential reality. So there is no discrimination between spirits, plants, animals and humans. The only distinctions are of order.

But where sits society in this world of individual eco warriors? Here Descola's findings will be of interest to political theorists. He finds no natural ideal of a *res publica* or a common weal that might transcend individual interests; yet he finds uncanny parallels with modern democracies. It is the Achuar's declared individualism that provides the basis for the equality of people, an equality he finds far more real among them than us.

It is a personal journey, too, for Descola. The conscientious ethnologist, by now socially transparent and fluent in Achuar myth, language and gossip, starts identifying with his hosts. His companions become his brothers, he walks barefoot to practise for when the shoes run out. They do. He travels on warring raids, he rails against missionaries trying to rain economic wealth on them; time and again he wonders what on earth he is doing wasting his life here on this obscure stage, accumulating thousands of useless notes. At this point the reader wants to put an arm round him and congratulate an extraordinary man.

IT IS JUST possible that Descola came across Joe Kane, an American journalist who has spent several months on two trips to the same region to live with the nomadic Huaorani tribe. Savages, an extended version of some of Kane's long pieces in the New Yorker, is a graphic description of a stone-age society under real siege by Western petroleum companies, starry-eyed environmentalists and dogged missionaries. It is fertile ground, unfortunately denuded by Kane trying to fit his lively cast of characters into a thriller format.

Kane wants his subjects smiley, wise and, I suspect, ready to do a screen test. We rattle around forest paths with Huaorani who just happen to have Hollywood senses of humour and speak Spanish, and are full of pranks, moral outrage and appropriate disbelief. Kane is able and sincere; what is happening to the Huaorani is a vile scandal and needs to be told journalistically. But he really should leave the social investigations to the professionals.

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Thriving in splendid isolation

Mark Cocker

IF ONE suggested that the definition of "wilderness" was a place where nature was left in uninhibited control, then I suspect many people might think Upton Fen in the Norfolk Broads would easily qualify.

Even just inside the gate you begin to experience its gorgeous fertility, the shoulder-high vegetation rising up to engulf you on all sides, while molehills clog the path. But these are not the usual small earth piles one easily steps over; these molehills are fulsome mounds so intensely black they look like the breasts of Mother Earth herself.

By the time the path reaches an alder wood one also has some insight into what gives the place its distinctly humid, faintly oppressive atmosphere: the superabundance of water. In fact, if you stand for any time on one spot, you feel the place slowly trying to suck you down. At Upton the water-table is virtually at the surface, while the dykes criss-crossing the 65-hectare site originally ran for 21 kilometres. Parts of the system are now deep in mud, but elsewhere they are crystal clear and it is their purity that accounts for the wealth of dragonflies, the grass snakes and the rich fen flora, including an array of rare orchids.

The swampy conditions are also ideal for mosquitoes, and while these might compound the subtropical feel, they are hideously rapacious, reminding me why East Anglia was amongst the last malarial regions in England. Yet if one can ignore these tormenting insects, this alder woodland is a magical habitat.

The trees close in a great arch overhead to give it a cave-like gloom (this is the only British site where I've seen day-flying bats). Where the canopy does occasionally break it enables honeysuckle to loop and scramble upwards to mingle with the sunlight. These shrubs, in turn, are the reason for one of Upton's most beautiful residents, the white admiral, whose caterpillars feed on the leaves. In what seems to have been an excellent year for them, the striking black and white butterflies are everywhere, gorging themselves on the nectar of bramble blossom.



ILLUSTRATION: ANN HOBDAY

During summer visits here I am often overwhelmed by the atmosphere of nature running riot, yet I'm equally struck by the ironies underlying this appearance. For Upton's diversity doesn't depend on soil fertility, but on the exclusion of nutrients. The spring-fed fen is isolated from the rest of the Norfolk Broads system, which leaves it free from the effluents that have polluted the waters elsewhere, clogged up the system with algae, and caused a number of once similarly rich sites to deteriorate.

However, the more compelling irony is that despite its wilderness character Upton was very much a working environment until the second world war. The turf pools that make such excellent habitat for wetland flowers and breeding dragonflies were formed by peat-cutting, for centuries a major source of fuel in the region. Equally, another factor in the low nutrient conditions was the annual removal of marsh vegetation for hay, known by the old, evocative vernacular name of "gladdon".

This was often exported to London, where until the turn of this century it found an important market among the capital's 13,000 horse cab-drivers. Today, although it no longer turns a commercial profit, the place is still "worked" by its current owners, the Norfolk Wildlife Trust.

While environmentalists often lament Britain's lack of wilderness, Upton is a salutary reminder that some of its most wildlife-rich landscapes are not necessarily those unsullied by human presence. They can be places where mankind has been active for centuries, while their exceptional abundance is directly dependent upon continued human participation.

Chess Leonard Barden

ANATOLY KARPOV and Garry Kasparov have agreed to a $2 million reunification match next year. The meeting between the champions of the two versions of the world title promises an end to the schism which began in 1993 when Kasparov, then the undisputed world number one, launched his breakaway organisation.

Since then, however, the 45-year-old Karpov has enjoyed something of an Indian summer, while Kasparov's results have slipped. As a result, the pair are now bracketed together at the top of the world rankings.

Karpov's recent win over Gata Kamsky and Kasparov's victory last year over Vishy Anand showed up the weaknesses in the younger challengers: Kamsky may be too dour to succeed, while Anand proved vulnerable in a match crisis.

All this is good news for Vladimir Kramnik — just 21 and already virtually the equal of the two super-Ks, he is looking even more like the heir apparent. Kramnik's recent run of success continued last month at Dortmund, where he and Anand were unbeaten and shared first prize: Anand, Kramnik 7/9; Gelfand 6; Adams, Polgar 4½; Shirov, Topalov 4; and three others.

A major plank of Kramnik's opening repertoire is his belief, playing Black, in the sharp and double-edged Richter Sicilian. The Richter is easy to prepare for, so Kramnik's opponents often fancy their chances; but, like Kasparov and Fischer, who also championed sharp Sicilians, he keeps finding new resources.

Hübner-Kramnik, Dortmund 1996

1 e4 c5 2 Nf3 d6 The Richter can occur whether Black chooses to play d6 or Nc6 here; however, if White varies at move 3, Kramnik prefers to defend 2 . . . d6 3 Bb5+ Bd7 rather than 2 . . . Nc6 3 Bb5.

3 d4 cxd4 4 Nxd4 Nf6 5 Nc3 Nc6 6 Bg5 e6 7 Qd2 a6 8 0-0-0 h6 9 Be3 Be7 10 f4 Nxd4 11 Bxd4 b5 12 Bd3 If 12 Bxf6 Black gambits by Bxf6! 13 Qxd6 Qxd6 14 Rxd6 Bb7 15 e5 Be7 16 Rd1 g5! (Shirov-Lobron, Dortmund 1996).

b4 13 Ne2 This is where the 1996 Richter really starts. White's last is preferred to 13 Na4 Rb8 14 e5 dxe5 15 Bxe5 Bd7! (Polgar-Kramnik, Moscow Rapid 1996).

Qa5!? Perhaps more precise than 13 . . . e5 14 Be3 Bd7 15 h3 Qa5 16 Kb1 0-0 (Yudashin-Rechlis, Israel 1995).

14 Kb1 e5 15 Be3 0-0 16 Rhe1?! Passive play. 16 h3 may transpose to the last note.

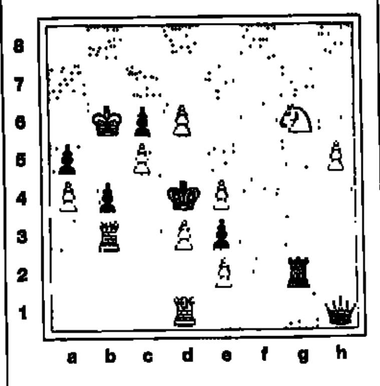
Rb8 17 Nc1? Rd8 18 Ba7 Rb7 19 Bg1 Bg4! Thus exploiting White's failure to push the h pawn.

20 Nb3 Qa4 21 Rc1 exf4 22 Qxf4 Be6 23 Bd4 Rb5! Finally refuting Hübner's ponderous build-up. The threat is 24 . . . Ra5 25 Nxa5 Qxa2 mate, while if 24 Bxb5 axb5 and Ra8 with a winning attack.

24 Qd2 Ng4! Intending Bg5. **25 c4 bxc3 ep 26 bxc3** Other recaptures are no improvement. If 26 Bxc3 or 26 Qxc3 Rxb3! as in the game, while if 26 Rxc3 Bxb3 wins a piece.

Rxb3+ 27 axb3 Bxb3 28 Resigns. The threat of Rb8 followed by Bc2 mate gains decisive material.

No 2433



White mates in three moves, against any defence (by C Sammelius). This looks easy, but Black's rook is an agile defender.

No 2432: (a) g1Q 2 Qd1+! (not 2 Qb5+? Kc2) stalemate. (b) g1R 2 Qb5+! (not 2 Qd1+? Rxd1) Qxb5 stalemate.

Quick crossword no. 326

Across

1 Rubbish — say No! (6)
4 Preserve (a body) (6)
8 Edge (of road) (5)
9 Furthest part of aircraft (4-3)
10 Bright red (7)
11 Money, maybe filthy (5)
12 Villain (9)
17 Vagrant (5)
19 Friendly to speak with (7)
21 Ox (7)
22 Find answer to (5)
23 Township near Johannesburg (6)
24 Mediterranean island (6)

Down

1 Abduct (6)
2 Elbow to wrist (7)
3 Pinch (5)
5 The envelopes, not the capital (7)
6 Upper room (5)
7 Popsy (6)
9 Identification in paper (9)
13 Sustain (7)
14 Pipe-like (as steel or bells) (7)
15 Horse painter (6)
16 Niche or holiday (6)
18 Permit (5)
20 Dubious or questionable (5)

Last week's solution

BODY FLOODLIT
U O O U A I
TOGA PROTOCOL
C W P D O K E
HEATHCLIFF
E T E Y T S A
REGANT PORTAL
S H O G U U D
IMPLACABLE
O C E O H B R
HOLINESS TOWN
I A A S R E
COMPLETE ENVY

Bridge Zia Mahmood

THE CLUB pedant was holding forth: "No such thing as a suicide squeeze," he proclaimed. "A squeeze is when you're forced to discard on other people's lead. You can't discard on winners you've led yourself, can you?"

He had a point, but the term is now firmly part of the language of bridge. It is commonly perpetrated by one defender against the other, though it is possible for declarer to squeeze dummy, or vice versa. Cover the East-West cards in the hand and decide how you would play an ambitious 3NT contract from the South seat on the lead of the four of diamonds (fourth best):

North
♠ K 9 7 3
♥ 9 2
♦ J 7 3
♣ K 10 8 4

West
♠ Q 6 5
♥ 10 8 7
♦ A Q 10 4 2
♣ Q J

East
♠ J 10 4
♥ Q J 6 3
♦ 9 5
♣ 9 7 3 2

South
♠ A 8 2
♥ A K 5 4
♦ K 8 6
♣ A 6 5

South	West	North	East
1♣	Pass	1♠	Pass
2NT	Pass	3NT	Pass
Pass	Pass		

South won the opening lead with dummy's jack, then played a club to the ace.

West's jack provided a ray of hope, and when South next led a club to dummy's king the fall of the queen brought South's total up to eight tricks.

Now, if only he could set up a spade without letting East into the lead. But East and West were a pair of international players from the Czech Republic, and they could see declarer's problem. When South led a spade from the table, hoping to duck the trick to West, East smartly put in the ten. South had to play the ace and West brilliantly threw the queen!

If West had failed to perform this unblock, South would have led a second spade, ducking if West played the queen, and playing king and another if not.

But after West's fine defence it appeared that South could no longer succeed.

In dire straits, South fell back on his last chance — that is, the suicide squeeze. He exited with a diamond, and now the defenders had a problem they could not solve.

If West did not cash his four diamond winners, South would concede a spade to East, who could do no harm.

And when West did cash the diamonds, East was forced to hang on to his black suit stoppers, so had to discard three hearts. The position was now:

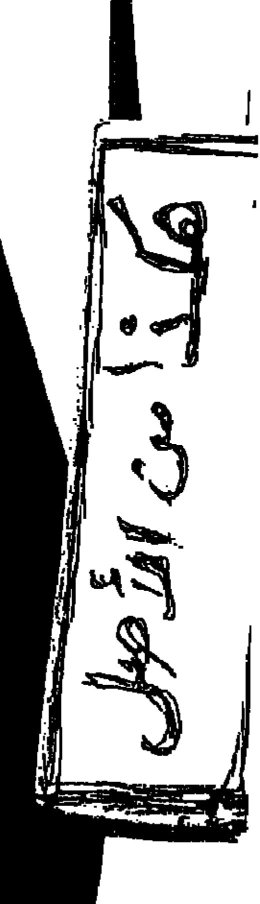
North
♠ K
♥ 9 2
♦ None
♣ 10 8

West
♠ 6 5
♥ 10 8 7
♦ None
♣ None

East
♠ J 4
♥ Q
♦ None
♣ 9 7

South
♠ 8 2
♥ A K
♦ None
♣ 6

West exited with a spade to dummy's king, but the play of the ace and king of hearts compelled East to hoist the white flag. ©



Olympic Games

Gold hunt in need of brass

Guardian Reporters

THE 1996 Atlanta Olympics ended as they had begun, with great pomp and ceremony, glitz and razzle dazzle. But there were also lots of tears. Tears of rage, tears of joy. There was a tribute, too, to the victims of the Centennial Park bomb, which left two dead and scores injured.

The crowd of 85,000 in the Olympic Stadium observed a moment's silence and the president of the International Olympic Committee, Juan Antonio Samaranch, said that terrorism would never destroy the Olympic movement.

The shooting of two National Guardsmen helping with security on Sunday also cast a cloud over the closing ceremonies. One of the men, who were off duty and in civilian clothes, was killed and the other wounded as they left a restaurant.

Mr Samaranch, in his closing speech, stopped short of saying the Games were the best ever, as tradition dictates. Earlier, he had hit out at the rise of commercialism in the Games, saying more public funding was needed.

As the closing formalities ended, the athletes invaded the arena for a huge party. Helping them along the way were rock stars Stevie Wonder and Little Richard. The Olympic torch is now passed to Sydney, host of the 2000 Games.

The Games brought 15 medals for Britain, one gold, eight silver and six bronze, the country's worst showing for 20 years. Among the winners in the second week was Roger Black, who earned a silver in the 400 metres. There was also silver for Cornish teenager Ben Ainslie in sailing. John Merricks and Ian Walker also took the silver medal in the men's 470-class.

The Anglo-Italian cyclist Max Sciandri finished third, earning Britain's first road racing medal for 40 years and vindicating his decision to opt for the British team last season after being cold-shouldered by the Italian selectors.

Relaying the good news . . . Britain's 4x400 metres relay team — from left, Jamie Baulch, Iwan Thomas, Mark Richardson and Roger Black — celebrate their silver medal in Atlanta PHOTO DOUG MILLS

Before Sciandri, the last Briton to stand on the Olympic road race podium was the Londoner Alan Jackson, who took the bronze at Melbourne in 1956.

In tennis, the scratch pairing of Tim Henman and Neil Broad was deservedly delighted at the silver medal in the men's doubles.

Among the later medal winners for Britain were javelin thrower Steve Backley, who picked up a silver, and the 400 metres relay team of Jamie Baulch, Iwan Thomas, Mark Richardson and Roger Black, who also had to settle for second best. Cyclist Chris Boardman, winner of gold in the track pursuit in Barcelona four years ago, finished with bronze in the road time-trial, the first time the event has been held in the Olympics.

Swimmer Nick Gillingham vowed to take his battle for bronze in the 200 metres breaststroke to the court after Russia's Andrei Korneyev won his appeal against a drug offence. The Court of Arbitration for Sport reinstated Korneyev, who had tested positive for Bromantan, because it ruled there was insufficient evidence to disqualify him.

The 29-year-old Gillingham, who finished fourth and stood to be the first British swimmer to win a medal in three successive Games, said: "This is nonsense. How can they in one breath admit he took a banned substance and in the next say there is insufficient evidence to disqualify."

Britain's poor showing in the Olympics was blamed on a lack of funding. The chief of the British Olympic Association, Dick Palmer, called for the entire structure of the country's sport to be revolutionised.

He said: "After Barcelona we decided it would need £4.5 million a year to ensure we did better than we did then, to be sending athletes who were properly prepared to take on the best in the world. We did not get it.

"Hopefully these results will raise the question of how we can run our sport. This must be a watershed, the moment of truth falling in front of our eyes. A country of around 55 million people should be producing more world-class athletes and better results than we do."

Alan Rapley, the captain of Britain's swimming team in Atlanta, would like to carry on to compete in the Sydney Games because he feels he still has to reach his full potential. But when he gets back home to Sheffield this week the first thing he will do is visit the local job centre to try to get a job that will help him pay off the debts he has run up while in Georgia. Otherwise, his dream of Olympic glory will probably fade in the face of financial necessity.

There are tales of poverty everywhere you look in the British team. Denise Lewis, who took the bronze medal in the heptathlon, was able to prepare properly only because seven West Midlands businessmen — one for each of the disciplines she undertook — chipped in £1,000 apiece to a special training fund.

The plight of the yachtswoman Shirley Robertson was highlighted during the BBC's Olympic Video Diaries series screened during the run-up to the Games. She was down to her last penny on more than one occasion and close to quitting before a sponsor came to her rescue at the last moment.

And the sad, penniless state of British sport came under the spotlight again on Sunday when it was revealed that two divers had been forced to sell their official issue Olympic kit to raise money for a night out.

Robert Morgan, who has won 30 British national diving titles and was competing in his fourth Olympics, and his team-mate Tony Ali packed their bags full of their official kit, headed for Atlanta's Peachtree Street and grudgingly touted their gear for sale to the highest bidders, mostly Americans.

"We are desperate for money," said Morgan. "We haven't got any sponsorship so what are we supposed to do?"

In a long career, Morgan, who lives in Sheffield and trains full-time, receiving an "élite performer" grant of £15,000 from the Sports Council annually, finished fifth in Barcelona and was 13th in Atlanta. His colleague Ali, also a full-time diver, receives social security benefits.

Medals table

	Gold	Silver	Bronze
United States	44	32	25
Russia	26	21	16
Germany	20	18	27
China	16	22	12
France	15	7	15
Italy	13	10	12
Australia	9	9	23
Cuba	9	8	8
Ukraine	9	2	12
South Korea	7	15	5
Poland	7	5	5
Hungary	7	4	10
Spain	5	6	6
Romania	4	7	9
Netherlands	4	5	10
Greece	4	4	0
Czech Republic	4	3	4
Switzerland	4	3	0
Denmark	4	1	1
Turkey	4	1	1
Canada	3	11	8
Bulgaria	3	7	5
Japan	3	6	5
Kazakhstan	3	4	4
Brazil	3	3	9
New Zealand	3	2	1
South Africa	3	1	1
Ireland	3	0	1
Sweden	2	4	2
Norway	2	2	3
Belgium	2	2	2
Nigeria	2	1	3
North Korea	2	1	[illegible]
Algeria	2	0	1
Ethiopia	2	0	1
Britain	1	8	6
Belarus	1	6	[illegible]
Kenya	1	4	[illegible]
Jamaica	1	1	2
Finland	1	2	1
Indonesia	1	1	[illegible]
Yugoslavia	1	1	[illegible]
Iran	1	1	1
Slovakia	1	1	[illegible]
Armenia	1	1	[illegible]
Croatia	1	1	[illegible]
Portugal	1	0	[illegible]
Thailand	1	0	[illegible]
Burundi	1	[illegible]	[illegible]
Costa Rica	1	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ecuador	1	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hong Kong	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Syria	1	[illegible]	[illegible]
Argentina	0	[illegible]	1
Namibia	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Slovenia	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Austria	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Malaysia	0	1	1
Moldova	0	[illegible]	[illegible]
Uzbekistan	0	1	1
Azerbaijan	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bahamas	0	1	0
Latvia	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Philippines	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Taiwan	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tonga	[illegible]	1	[illegible]
Zambia	0	1	[illegible]
Georgia	0	[illegible]	[illegible]
Morocco	0	[illegible]	2
Trinidad	0	[illegible]	[illegible]
India	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
Israel	0	0	1
Lithuania	0	0	1
Mexico	0	0	1
Mongolia	0	0	1
Mozambique	0	0	1
Puerto Rico	0	0	1
Tunisia	0	0	1
Uganda	0	0	1

Sports Diary Shiv Sharma

Everything coming up roses for Lancs

LANCASHIRE are becoming dab hands this season at pulling off last-gasp victories. Twice they have beaten Derbyshire and Yorkshire, once on the last ball of the match, and have also notched up a heart-stopping final-over triumph over Northamptonshire.

In the latest close encounter of the victorious kind, the quarter-final of the NatWest Trophy at Old Trafford last week, they completed a hat-trick of last-over victories over Derbyshire. Dean Jones's team arrived at the final over nine short of Lancashire's 289 for nine, with three wickets in hand. But Wells was bowled, Vandrau was run out and Jones was left requiring four off the final ball.

Lancashire got their field placing right and the Derbyshire skipper was restricted to only two. A superlative 115 by man of the match Mike Atherton was the highlight of the Lancashire innings.

In the other quarter-finals, there was an easy, 100-run win for Essex (286) over Hampshire, Sussex (212-9) were seen off by Yorkshire who secured a five-wicket victory, and Somerset (225) fell to Surrey by a similar margin.

In next week's semi-finals, Lancashire are paired again with Yorkshire. The Roses rivals last met in the Benson & Hedges Cup tie which Lancashire won on the very last ball. In the other match, Essex, who have not won a one-day trophy since 1985, will take on Surrey.

Lancashire captain Mike Watkinson relished the prospects of meeting Yorkshire again: "Our B&H semi with them was a thrilling game and we came back from the dead to win it. I hope we get the same result, although I don't want it to be as close."

GRAEME Hick, woefully out of form, has been dropped from the England squad to face Pakistan in the second Test at Headingley this week. Also out are Simon Brown and Mark Ealham, who is injured. Their place goes to Andy Caddick of Somerset, Lancashire's John Crawley and Ronnie Irani of Essex. The full squad is: Atherton, Stewart, Hussain, Thorpe, Crawley, Knight, Russell, Lewis, Cork, Mullally, Caddick, Salisbury and Irani.

IN rugby's transfer sensation of the year, Martin Offiah left Wigan to join two clubs — Rugby League's London Broncos and Rugby Union club Bedford — in a code-busting, historic double deal. The 29-year-old winger agreed a three-year deal with the Broncos with whom he will play in the summer, and a four-year contract with Bedford where he will spend the winter months.

The transfer fee has not been disclosed but it is believed to be around £300,000 — shared by the two clubs. Offiah said: "I'm looking forward to the challenge. The fact that I'm from London was a big factor in the move."

In football, Daniel Amokachi is leaving Everton to join Turkish club Besiktas. The Nigerian international, who helped his country become the first African team to win the Olympic football tournament in Atlanta by beating Argentina 3-2, was brought to Goodison Park for £3 million by former Everton manager Mike Walker but was unsettled after failing to hold down a first-team place under the new boss, Joe Royle.

FLYHALF Joel Stransky was South Africa's hero after scoring all their points as they defeated Australia 25-19 in the Tri-Nations Test at Bloemfontein. Stransky grabbed his side's only try, converted it and kicked six penalties. Australia, trailing by 16 points with 14 minutes remaining, staged something of a recovery, but it was not enough. In the final match of the tournament, in Cape Town on Saturday, South Africa will meet New Zealand, who have already wrapped up the inaugural competition.

SPAIN'S Alex Criville won the Austrian 500cc Grand Prix at Zeltweg, with a final lap charge after Australian Michael Doohan, who leads the world championship, suffered a slight wobble. "I took advantage of a small mistake on Doohan's part when he accelerated too fast," said Criville. Doohan finished second and Norifumi Abe of Japan was third.